"TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A."

Screenplay by

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Based on a Novel by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

A1 EXT. A WIDE STREET IN LOS ANGELES - DAY A1

An empty morning. A quiet piano solo on the soundtrack. Abstract, dissonant. The scene is tranquil. A late model sports car enters the frame as though a force of energy has passed through.

B1 INT. A FLIGHT OF STAIRS - DAY B1

The stairs run off to the left. In the center: an open door, an empty room, a white drape hanging lazily from an old wooden table. A burst of energy as RICK MASTERS goes quickly through the frame and up the stairs.

C1 INT. A WHITE BRICK WALL (MASTERS' STUDIO) - DAY C1

Masters' hands staple a large painting to the wall, filling the space with color, emotion, passion and tension. The painting is on a large sheet of paper, unframed.

The room is alive with light. There are brightly colored flowers and plants, pots of paint with thick brushes on old work tables.

ANGLE

To see Masters sitting on a crate, staring at the painting. We see him for the first time: About thirty-five, lean, cold eyes, the face of an ex-con. His dark hair is styled, blown, trimmed and shaped.

Masters gets up to look closer at the painting's detail. Then he turns and steps away, his hands in his pockets.

He kicks over a table of paint pots. The colors mingle across the floor.

Masters looks at the sprawl.

He reaches into his pocket for a zippo lighter and walks to the painting.

He pauses for an instant, then sets the painting ablaze.

He steps away and watches it burn, until it becomes a wall of flame.

CUT TO:

1 A distant jet plane streaks a trail across a hot Los Angeles sky - white on white. The sounds of the city are muted, man-made, industrial. 1

Cont.

2 The CAMERA TILTS DOWN to see: The long span of the Vincent Thomas Bridge - (San Pedro) - in the distance, traffic moving slowly and steadily. 2

ANGLE

EXTREME TIGHT CLOSE-UP: The face of RICHARD CHANCE, clean-featured, muscular, in his early thirties. He looks up.

3 CLOSER ANGLE 3

The distant jet plane.

Back to Chance. He looks down.

4 CHANCE'S P.O.V. 4

The sheer blackness and forbidding calm of the water beneath the bridge.

Several cuts to motorists on the bridge. Their gaze is averted to:

A group of SIX MEN gathered to one side of the bridge at its center point.

5 CLOSE SHOT of a passing MOTORIST looking at the group. He speaks in astonishment, but we don't hear the words: 5

MOTORIST
Holy Christ!

ANGLE

Richard Chance climbs to the top of the bridge's guard rail.

6 LONG SHOT 6

REVERSE ANGLE from water level. Chance plunges forward toward CAMERA over the rail and into the void. He screams out loud.

7 AERIAL SHOT 7

Chance falling through a silent world.

Cont.

Cont.

8 CHANCE'S P.O.V. (FALLING) 8

The city of Los Angeles, beyond the Wilmington industrial complex, rises up quickly.

9 CLOSE SHOT (MOVING) 9

Chance's hand tugging at the ripcord of the parachute backpack that we now see for the first time.

ANGLE

Chance descending, the wind whipping him to and fro. He feels a powerful tug as the canopy opens above him.

10 SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. 10

As Chance hits the water.

11 ANGLE 11

Chance yanks the quick-release hook on the chute. Freezing water smacks him in the face.

He is free of the harness, but the canopy is on top of him in choppy water. He fights to get from under it, and then finally appears, boasting a big shit-eating grin to the world.

ANGLE

The group of six on the bridge. They are all off-duty TREASURY AGENTS as we will later learn. One of them is JIM HART, tall, about fifty years old, with graying hair.

SECOND AGENT
(under his breath)
The fucker did it!

HART
Bet your ass!

12 INT. RICK MASTERS' WAREHOUSE - NEAR MOJAVE, CALIF. - LATE DAY 12

In darkness, we hear a train-like clattering reverberating off the floor and walls of a cement cubicle. The feeling is one of being on a fast train on a long journey, at night.

It is not night, and we are not on a moving train, but in a dimly-lit workroom and the sound, as we will soon discover, is that of a multilith 1250 press, powerful, determined and building in intensity.

Cont.

12 Cont. 12

Darkness gives way to a series of quick, blurred images, flashing through the press.

The blur freezes on an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a face: Andrew Jackson, 7th President of the United States, his stern countenance framed by a lock of hair from a furling silver mane.

A series of quick CLOSE-UPS: a banner proclaims: "United States", and below "This note is legal tender for all debts, public and private." And below: a signature: "Angela M. Buchanan, Treasurer of the United States." Above the signature, an empty space.

CUT:

An aluminum plate is removed and another quickly, but carefully, inserted in its place.

This time the color is green.

The run is completed and the CAMERA comes to rest on a rear view of the White House, above which the legend: "In God We Trust".

CUT:

The four-sheet is removed and examined.

CUT:

The aluminum plate is replaced by another with less information.

CUT:

A silver-grey three-sheet is reinserted and the third run begins in a blur.

FREEZE FRAME

CLOSE-UP of the section above the signature of Angela M. Buchanan. It comes alive now with the serial number: L 67374811 D, repeated over and over.

A rag wipes green ink from the gloved hands just before they remove one of the 8" x 11" sheets as it snaps from under the sheet-transfer cylinder into a tray.

A fluorescent light fixture suspended from the ceiling snaps to life. The four-sheet of twenties, now with serial numbers, is held to the light.

Cont.

12 CUT CLOSE to a jeweler's loop held to the portrait of Andrew Jackson. It moves quickly from one to the other two as the meshwork of vertical and horizontal lines which make up the background of the portrait appear clear and distinct. 12

The soft voice of Rick Masters reverbs gently through the room.

MASTERS (v.o.)
All right.

CLOSE

A large paper cutter expertly trims the bills to size.

CUT:

The gloved hands remove the blue wrapping from a neat stack of blank paper: 8" x 11" Cascade Bond, one hundred percent rag content, twenty-eight pound weight. The paper is inserted and press rolls again.

- CLOSE SHOT
A camera negative is inserted into an old box camera.

- CLOSE SHOT
A twenty dollar bill on a photographic table.

- CLOSE SHOT
A hand squeezes the shutter switch on the camera.

- CLOSE SHOT
Developer bath in a darkroom. Under infra-red light, a negative image of the twenty dollar bill is removed from the fluid.

- CLOSE SHOT
On a light table, underlit.
The negative is seen through a goldenrod masking sheet.
The stripping process begins as imperfections in the image - little signs of negative dust - are removed by opaque brushing.

- CLOSE SHOT
On a high intensity exposure framer.
The masking sheet is placed on a thin aluminum plate.
A switch is thrown and a vacuum suction occurs. The plate is now exposed and removed.

12 - CLOSE SHOT 12
The exposed plate held close to a man's face. It appears to be blank. Through the mouth of Rick Masters, breath is exhaled and the moisture produces an image of of the twenty dollar bill. It appears and disappears as if by magic.

- CLOSE SHOT
The plate is set on a plate-developing table. A wiping rag rubs process gum across its face.

- CLOSE SHOT
A red developer is poured over the plate. Red lacquer adheres and the image of Andrew Jackson appears in relief.

- CLOSE SHOT
The plate is wrapped around a cylinder which is inserted onto the printing press and the process starts again.

CLOSE

A phone being dialed. The phone is brought up to the face of Rick Masters.

We hear the voice of a SECRETARY at the other end of the line.

SECRETARY (v.o.)
Secret Service.

MASTERS
I'd like to speak to the Special Agent in Charge, Mr. Bateman.

SECRETARY (v.o.)
One moment.

There is a pause. Masters surveys the room and we see it with him now. A single, bare cement room with mattresses lining the walls to muffle the sound of the press. A large plastic-lined trash bin in one corner near the multilith. A table next to another plastic-lined trash barrel crowded with paint pots.

SECOND SECRETARY (v.o.)
Mr. Bateman's office.

Cont.

12 12

MASTERS
Can I speak to him, please?

SECOND SECRETARY (v.o.)
Who shall I say is calling?

MASTERS
An old friend.

Masters holds the receiver next to his ear as he mixes thick blue and yellow ink on a small glass palette. He deftly adds a little white, a little black.

SECOND SECRETARY (v.o.)
Who's calling? Who is this?

A pause, then a male voice.

BATEMAN (v.o.)
This is Bateman.

MASTERS
Are you the Special Agent in Charge?

BATEMAN (v.o.)
Yes.

Masters sets down the palette and presses the receiver close to the clacking press until it is almost ear-splitting.

MASTERS
Fuck you, Special Agent in Charge.

He hangs up, a smile spread across his face.

CLOSE SHOT

A clothes dryer. Blue and red rags are inserted, followed by stacks of the freshly printed bills. The dryer is switched on and the aging process begins.

CUT:

An electric fan dries the now-aged bills.

TIME LAPSE.

Masters wraps and packages a stack of trimmed bills, no longer crisp, and places them in a suitcase. Then he painstakingly gathers up every scrap of paper and stuffs them into a rubbish bag.

Cont.

Cont.

12 Using a screwdriver, he removes the aluminum lithographic plate from the plate cylinder on the printing press. With tin snips, he cuts the plate into inch-sized pieces and tosses them into the trash bag. He ties the bag securely with a piece of wire. 12

After a last look around, he kills the overhead fluorescent, plunging the room into darkness.

13 EXT. MASTERS' WAREHOUSE - DUSK 13

A single rectangular cement block structure surrounded by a chain link fence. In LONG SHOT, Masters exits, his briefcase in one hand, a large, filled plastic bag in the other. He dumps the plastic bag into a rectangular-shaped commercial trash bin, closes the heavy metal lid, and returns to the door of the warehouse, where he snaps shut a padlock. PAN him to a dark Rolls Royce parked nearby. As he enters the Rolls, we see behind him other small warehouse buildings and a sign that reads: "Industrial/Storage Space for Rent".

14 EXT./INT. BACK COURT PATIO OF UTRO'S CAFE - SAN PEDRO - DAY 14

A funky, old burger stand that opens in back to a patio made up of old wooden tables, grandstand bleachers and found objects.

A pitcher of beer is passed from the take-out window to a long table where Chance, Hart and the other five Treasury agents are gathered, in shirt sleeves.

Beer is served round as five of the agents each ante a fifty dollar bill into an empty beer mug.

HART
(to one of the agents)
Cough up.

CHANCE
(to Hart)
Like finding money in the street, Jimmy, huh?

SECOND AGENT
You're a crazy bastard, Chance.

CHANCE
(to Second Agent)
I told you never bet against me.

Hart picks up and examines one of the bills.

Cont.

HART
Hey, this looks like paper.

THIRD AGENT
No!

Hart yanks a pencil from the shirt of one of the agents and erases a clean portion of the fifty dollar bill.

CLOSE SHOT on the bill. The red and blue fibers in the white area are smeared by the eraser. (They have been printed into the paper, not engraved are therefore counterfeit.)

HART
(continuing)
It's a piece o' shit.

THIRD AGENT
(who passed the bill)
Geez, it looked clean to me.

CHANCE
That's your problem, Alvarez, they all look clean to you.

He raises his glass.

CHANCE
(continuing)
To my partner, Jim Hart, whose skill in spotting bad paper is exceeded only by his expertise in packing a chute.

HART
(raising his glass to Chance)
I'll miss you, pal.

FIFTH AGENT
One month and you'll forget us all.

HART
(joking)
How can you say that?

TIME LAPSE.

15 EXT. PARKING LOT - UTRO'S - LATE DAY 15

Chance and Hart walking toward their cars.

CHANCE
Got something for you.

15 Cont. 15

He opens the lid of his trunk and removes a graphite fishing rod folded into a 15-inch leather carrying case.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Your retirement present.

HART
You're a week early.

CHANCE
It's burning a hole in my trunk.

Hart opens the case and brings the rod to full seven-foot extension.

HART
What the hell --

CHANCE
They tell me the trout jump all over it.

Hart puts his arm around Chance. They embrace warmly.

CHANCE
I'm gonna miss you, Amigo.

HART
Me, too.

CHANCE
Listen, I know you got somethin' goin' tomorrow

HART
(smiling)
You readin' my mail again?

CHANCE
Masters.
(pause)
Where?

Hart shakes his head "no".

CHANCE
(continuing)
You're not goin' out alone.

Cont.

15 Cont. 15

HART
I want you to keep the tail on Cody. I got three more days on the job and I want to make the most of 'em. No sense the two of us running down the same lead.

CHANCE
We're partners.

HART
Damn straight we are. And when the bust goes down it's ours. Like always.

16 EXT. MOJAVE - DUSK 16

An eery silence.

We are racing low and fast across desert Highway 395. The desert sand flashes beneath the CAMERA'S eye.

16A HIGH LS 16A

Straight down to see a lone vehicle snake along the highway. The glow of the headlights from this height gives the car the appearance of a crawling insect.

17 INT. G-CAR (TRAVELLING) - DUSK 17

Profile on Jim Hart.

18 OMIT 18

19 OMIT 19

20 EXT. AN INDUSTRIAL RENTAL SITE - (MASTERS' WAREHOUSE) - DUSK 20

At the desert's edge. The car comes to a stop a good distance from the low-lying cement-block structures. The site is surrounded by a chain link fence.

Cont.

Cont.

20 20

ANGLE

Hart climbs out of his Government sedan and moves quickly toward the chain link fence.

Briefly, we see that he is wearing a gun and handcuffs, a small gold badge, and carries a flashlight. He tugs at the chain on the front gate and sees that it's secure. With some difficulty he climbs the fence and drops to the other side.

He moves to the door of Unit 305 and tests the handle. It's padlocked; we follow him as he moves to the rear of the small building. There are no windows.

He pauses in frustration and looks around. He sees an industrial-sized trash compacter a short distance away. He removes his coat and hangs it on the fence. Then he lifts the heavy metal lid of the trash bin and using his flashlight, looks inside. The receptacle is filled.

Hart climbs into the bin and begins sorting through it. He reaches into a corner of the bin and picks up a large, sealed plastic bag. He tears it open and pours out the contents: paper cuttings.

He drops to his knees and grabs handfuls of the dollar-size strips of white paper. One of the strips bears a thin stripe of green along the edge. He holds it up, shining the flashlight directly behind it: currency scrollwork.

Hart looks around slowly. The stillness is broken only by a desert wind. He reaches into his inside pocket and removes an envelope into which he inserts some of the paper strips.

20A ANGLE 20A

The stillness is broken by the loud crack of a sawed-off shotgun chambering a round.

Startled, Hart looks up as the rifle is fired. He is hit in the chest and slammed violently against the inside of the trash bin. Another round is fired.

ANGLE

A LONG SHOT of the scene as the shots echo into inifinity.

A MAN enters the scene carrying a shotgun. He climbs onto the trash bin.

Cont.

Cont.

Cont.

20A 20A

ANGLE

Over the man's shoulder to Hart. He is fatally wounded, but still alive. As he twitches in death throes, we

CUT TO

CLOSE SHOT

Hands on the shotgun. An artist's hands; gold ring, expensive gold watch, manicured nails. Italian soft leather jacket. (Rick Masters).

CLOSE SHOT

The eyes of Masters behind shaded French-frame eyeglasses. Ice cold.

MASTERS
Buddy, you're in the wrong place at the wrong time.

CLOSE SHOT

Hart's face. Trembling as he looks directly into the barrel of the shotgun.

CLOSE SHOT

The trigger is squeezed. A loud report is heard echoing over as the scene

FADES TO BLACK

21 LONG SHOT - THE INDUSTRIAL SITE - THE FOLLOWING DAY 21

Desolate but peaceful in the blazing sun. Hart's car is gone.

22 INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN 22

Cruising on desert Highway 395. The industrial site comes into view.

23 EXT. THE INDUSTRIAL SITE 23

As the G-car comes to a full stop and three men jump out: Richard Chance and TWO TREASURY AGENTS.

Chance surveys the scene, then moves quickly toward the warehouse.

Cont.

Cont.

24 INT. UNIT 305 24

Complete darkness. Two shots ring out as Chance blows the padlock away. The front door is kicked open and a blazing shaft of sunlight pours in, silhouetting Chance and the others as they enter.

ANGLE

As Chance flicks on a fluorescent light and we see that the room is empty. Barren.

CHANCE
(with grudging admiration)
The sonofabitch is gone.

He flicks off the light. The floor shines.

25 EXT. INDUSTRIAL WAREHOUSE - DAY 25

Chance re-emerges. He notices the trash bin. Its lid is closed. He sees:

CLOSE SHOT

A pool of dried blood at the base of the trash bin.

ANGLE

Chance opens the lid and clambers up onto the top of the bin. He looks inside and averts his gaze.

Stricken, he gags as he staggers away from the bin.

The sound of waves breaking on the shore.

26 EXT. OLD MALIBU ROAD - LATE DAY 26

We are on the top floor of a two-story apartment building on the ocean.

26A CLOSE ON the face of Richard Chance. His face is long and thin, an impassive mask. He sips a Heineken beer, his fourth of the early evening. He absently plays with the fishing rod he gave to Hart. The one Hart never got to use. A young girl walks barefoot along the beach. She wears a long dress and a wide-brim hat. 26A

A buzzer is heard repeatedly several times before Chance rises and exits.

@& EXT. STAIRWELL - CHANCE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE DAY 27

CHANCE
(shouting down)
Who is it?

Cont.

Cont.

27 27

ANGLE

Chance's P.O.V. down to JOHN VUKOVICH in shadow at the foot of a long staircase. Vukovich is tall, athletic, in his early thirties, dark hair and mustache.

VUKOVICH
John Vukovich.

CHANCE
What do you want?

VUKOVICH
Can I see you for a couple o'minutes?

TIME LAPSE.

28 EXT. THE DECK OF CHANCE'S APARTMENT - LATE DAY 28

Chance and Vukovich are in partial silhouette against the ocean. Chance stares fixedly at the sunset.

VUKOVICH
I want to work with you.

CHANCE
I don't think so.

VUKOVICH
Why not?

CHANCE
Why do you want to work with me?

VUKOVICH
'Cause you're the best.

CHANCE
Fuck that. What a load of shit. You sound like a school girl.

VUKOVICH
I'm sorry about Hart.

CHANCE
(picks up the fishing rod)
Jimmy Hart was more than my partner. He was my best friend for nine years. He was the most decent guy I ever knew. Decent in a way that I'm not. He had two days to go...two more days of war stories, then he was home free.

Cont.

VUKOVICH
I don't understand why somebody'd waste him over a counterfeit beef. Doesn't make sense.

CHANCE
(to himself)
Masters did it...or had it done. Jimmy got too close. We had a tail on him and his mule for six months. Jimmy could tell you what time they took a shit. We could never make the plant. They always print out in the desert. Jimmy went to check a warehouse in Lancaster that was rented under a phony name -- but he wanted to land the big trout himself.

VUKOVICH
Now you need a partner.

CHANCE
Let me tell you something, Amigo. I'm gonna nail Masters. And I don't care how I do it.

He turns to face Vukovich and a long look passes between them.

VUKOVICH
I hear you.

CHANCE
A lot o'guys won't work with me.

VUKOVICH
(takes a folded piece of paper from his pocket)
Bateman gave me your evaluation form. "Special Agent Chance is an experienced senior agent who can be counted on to fulfill his responsibilities. He's an excellent marksman with a high record of arrests and convictions.

CHANCE
Go on.

28 Cont. 28

VUKOVICH
"At times his methods are too independent and have caused problems for his co-workers, but he has a thorough knowledge of operations."

CHANCE
A shit sandwich. Starts and ends with what a great guy I am, with the bullshit spread in the middle.

VUKOVICH
For what it's worth, Hart had only the best to say about you.

CHANCE
(looks squarely at him)
Jimmy was programmed to die. He was too decent. I'm gonna take Masters, 'cause I understand him. I don't want you as a partner. You're too... sensitive.

VUKOVICH
Bullshit. I want to help you put him away. But I don't want to see you end up in Leavenworth in his place. Amigo.

The waves lap gently, quietly onto the beach.

29 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - U.S. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - DAY 29

An abundance of hanging plants and family pictures decorate the office. BATEMAN is tall, slightly overweight, balding, puffy features.

Chance enters.

CHANCE
Got a minute?

BATEMAN
You must be a mind reader. I was just going to call you. I've decided to let Vukovich work with you.

Cont.

29 Cont. 29

CHANCE
Do I have a choice?

BATEMAN
Is there someone else you'd prefer?

Pause.

BATEMAN
(continuing)
You're welcome to fill out a Form Nineteen and list the reasons you'd rather not work with him. Your input would be strictly confidential.

Long pause.

CHANCE
Forget it.

BATEMAN
What is it you wanted to talk about?

Chance is out the door.

30 CUT SHARPLY TO: A LONG LENS view of Los Angeles Airport. A monster come awake. The soundtrack comes up, big and booming. 30

A31 EXT. LAX - DAY A31

A late model car pulls up to the curb at the terminal.

CARL CODY, a dark man in his early thirties, wearing a grey business suit, gets out of the car, he carries a small airline carry-on bag.

He turns and says something to the driver, CLAUDIA LEITH, an attractive woman in her early thirties. He blows her a kiss and enters the terminal.

31 INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TICKETING AREA - DAY 31

CLOSE SHOT

At a crowded ticket counter, a FEMALE AGENT finishes writing a ticket for Cody.

TICKET AGENT
One way to Las Vegas...and how would you like to pay, Mr. Cody?

Cont.

Cont.

31 31

CODY
Cash.

He reaches into his pocket, withdrawing a wallet and hands her three twenty dollar bills.

TICKET AGENT
That's fifty-five dollars...one way...out of sixty.

She makes the change.

TICKET AGENT
(continuing)
Any luggage?

CODY
Just a carry-on.

TICKET AGENT
The Las Vegas flight leaves from Gate 12 in Terminal A.

LONG SHOT of above area as Cody walks away, and PULL BACK OVER the shoulder of Richard Chance. He is watching Cody, who gets directions to the gate from the ticket agent and moves away from the counter. Chance follows him through a crowd.

John Vukovich, in a dark suit, goes to the ticket agent and interrupts her. He shows her an identity card.

VUKOVICH
I'd like to see the bills that man handed you.

TICKET AGENT
What's the problem?

Vukovich is impatient. She opens a drawer and hands him the three twenties.

He quickly wrinkles the bills, then straightens them. Two straighten immediately; the third stays wrinkled.

Vukovich removes a jeweler's loop from his jacket pocket and quickly scans the bills. He hands two back to her.

VUKOVICH
These two are okay...

He examines the third bill.

31A CLOSE SHOT Vukovich's P.O.V., the counterfeit twenty dollar bill. 31A

Cont.

Cont.

31A 31A

ANGLE

As Vukovich takes a pencil from his pocket and erases a clean portion of the twenty dollar bill.

31B CLOSE SHOT on the bill. 31B

The red and blue fibers in the "white" area of the bill are smeared by the eraser.

ANGLE

As Vukovich gives Chance a "thumbs up" sign.

We are tracking in front of Cody. He is laid back, but purposeful, looks like any businessman in an airport crowd.

Tracking behind Chance, Cody ahead in the distance.

32 INT. LAX - AT METAL DETECTOR - DAY 32

On Cody's airport bag as it proceeds slowly through the luggage scanner. PAN with it as he picks it up at the other end.

Chance picks up speed, only to find himself in a rather long line at the detector. Growing impatient, he breaks to the front of the line, and forgetting to identify himself to the GUARD, rushes past the detector. As he wears a .357 holstered Magnum at the waist, a loud buzzer goes off. Many heads turn, including Carl Cody's.

GUARD
(at the metal detector)
Hey man, where you goin'?

Chance yells something unintelligible to the guard and runs on, the guard in pursuit.

33 INT. LAX - TUNNEL TO TERMINAL - DAY 33

Cody, now on the moving sidewalk, breaks into a run.

He knocks people out of his path.

Chance sees the moving sidewalk to be an obstacle course and runs instead on the shiny concrete floor. He, too, has to dodge pedestrians, but moves around them to avoid collisions.

Cont.

Cont.

33 33

The guard follows him, close behind. Passengers and visitors clear out of the way. Cody now bounds up the stairs to the terminal, two and three at a time.

34 INT. LAX TERMINAL - DAY 34

Chance bounds up the stairs, puffing windily. The guard is only a short distance behind.

Chance quickly looks around.

HIS P.O.V.

The crowded terminal. Cody is nowhere in sight.

Chance looks to the bar, the gift shop, the men's room. He is sweating and out of breath.

35 INT. LAX MEN'S ROOM - DAY 35

Empty. Chance moves quickly from the urinals to the booths.

Two are in use. Decisions.

He makes up his mind. Kicks a door in.

MAN ON TOILET
What the hell...

Wrong door.

CHANCE
Sorry.

He goes to the next booth.

Chance kicks in the door of the second booth.

He is met with a faceful of airport bag, square to the nose, wielded by Carl Cody. Chance goes down.

As the bag pops open and about forty thousand dollars takes to the air.

Chance is stunned, but grabs Cody by the collar as he turns to run, draws his gun and shoves it into his back.

CHANCE
(to Cody)
U.S. Secret Service, Cody! Down on the floor and spread!

The guard bursts through the swinging entrance door, sees Chance struggling Cody to the ground.

Cont.

35 Cont. 35

GUARD
(to Chance)
Drop it.

Cody faces the armed guard in front of him. Chance to his rear. The money scattering to the floor around him. He raises his hands slowly.

Holding the gun to Cody,. Chance pulls his commission book from an inside pocket, waves it at the guard.

GUARD
(continuing)
What's goin' on?

CHANCE
I'm arresting this man for possession of counterfeit money.

The door bursts open and Vukovich enters. He draws his gun.

VUKOVICH
(to the guard)
Freeze!

GUARD
Who're you?

VUKOVICH
Federal Officer.

He shows his I.D.

GUARD
No shit.

An elderly bespectacled TOURIST enters, sees that three guns are drawn.

CHANCE
(to the tourist)
Morning.

TOURIST
(surveys the situation)
I just wanna take a leak.

36 EXT./INT. NEAR TERMINAL ISLAND, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY 36

We are inside the Rolls, looking over the polished wooden dash board, cruising along an industrial thoroughfare past canneries and marine salvage yards. A narrow road leads to a parking lot in front of the dingy, brownstone Administration Building. The Rolls pulls into a compound, fortified by a high chain-link-topped-with-concertina-wire fence which extends from either side of the Administration Building back to the heavy black rocks at the water's edge. To the left of the edifice is a gun tower equipped with a large spotlight.

37 INT. TERMINAL ISLAND PRISON - DAY 37

A heavy door slides open. We are moving with Masters into a steel-walled room. Masters, wearing shaded French-frame eyeglasses and hip-length leather jacket, sits down in a chair facing Carl Cody.

Cody sets a half-full Pepto-Bismol bottle on the table in front of him. Masters lights a thin, brown cigarette with a zippo lighter.

CODY
You got balls, coming here.

MASTERS
How you making it?

CODY
Like every other swinging dick in this place makes it. Day by motherfucking day.

MASTERS
Ulcer acting up?

CODY
I want to know when you're going to get me out.

MASTERS
(puffing his cigarette evenly)
Grimes tells me he's got a Federal judge but he can't push him.

CODY
I copped a plea like Grimes told me to. Now, I'm doing dead time for holding a package of fifties.

MASTERS
I want you to be patient a little longer.

Cont.

Cont.

37 37

CODY
Why am I being held without bail?

MASTERS
Carl, I don't know. I'm working on it.

CODY
The Feds are frothing at the mouth to get to you. They want me to go in front of a grand jury and tie you into the murder of a Federal Agent.

MASTERS
What did you tell 'em?

CODY
What the fuck do you think I tell 'em?

MASTERS
I didn't mean it like that.

CODY
I'm telling you right now that I'm not gonna do the time, partner. I got caught carrying for you. Well, now it's my turn for some consideration.

MASTERS
I'm giving you my word you won't have to do the whole nickel.

CODY
What does that mean?

MASTERS
Grimes is the best lawyer in the State. It'll either be an appeal bond or a sentence reduction.

CODY
And the check is in the mail and I love you and I promise not to come in your mouth.

MASTERS
I'm doing everything I can.

CODY
What about your pal, Max Waxman? He's a lawyer. He's connected.

Cont.

Cont.

37 37

MASTERS
That's who I came down to talk to you about, actually.

CODY
What about him?

MASTERS
He was your last stop before the airport.

Cody sits silently for a moment.

CODY
What are you saying?

MASTERS
He said you never delivered the package.

CODY
What do you mean he says he never got it? I counted out six hundred grand right there on his desk. I had it wrapped in ten thousand dollar packages like you told me. He put it in a safe right behind his desk.

MASTERS
He said you called him and postponed delivery. The next thing he heard you got busted at the airport.

CODY
He's a lying son of a bitch. He's probably the motherfucker who did me. He ratted me to the Feds. I'll kill him when I get out. May God strike me dead if I don't waste him.

He flinches as a GUARD taps him on the shoulder.

GUARD
Visiting hour's over.

The guard strolls away.

CODY
Don't forget about me.

MASTERS
I won't. You have my word on that.

Cont.

38 EXT. TENNIS COURT - BOB GRIMES' HOUSE, BEVERLY HILLS - DAY 38

A tennis game of doubles in progress. GRIMES is fifty, in perfect health, salt and pepper hair, suntanned. His PARTNER is a slightly younger woman, blond equally aggressive. Their opponents are a YOUNG MAN in his early thirties and a shapely BRUNETTE, in her twenties. They play vigorously beneath an awning of palm trees.

ZOOM BACK TO:

39 INT. GRIMES' DEN - TENNIS COURT B.G. - DAY 39

Rick Masters is led into the den by Grimes' teenage daughter, VALERIE. The tennis game is seen in progress through the leaded glass windows of the cool book-lined den.

VALERIE
What did you say your name was?

MASTERS
Masters.

VALERIE
I hate to interrupt him.

MASTERS
Mr. Grimes is expecting me.

VALERIE
I'm his daughter.

MASTERS
That's nice.

She goes out a side door onto the court and interrupts the game. Grimes makes excuses and Valerie takes his place in the doubles as he towels down on the way to the den.

He goes to a small bar and opens a refrigerator, taking out an Amstel Light.

GRIMES
What did your friend have to say?

MASTERS
He wants out.

GRIMES
(sitting on the footstool of a leather chair)
Help yourself.

Cont.

MASTERS
No thanks.

GRIMES
How's that girlfriend of yours -- the dancer -- Bianca?

MASTERS
What do you care?

GRIMES
Pretty girl.

He sips his beer.

GRIMES
(continuing)
I've done everything humanly possible. At this point there may be no alternative but for Cody to do some time.

MASTERS
Why are they holding him without bail? He wants to know and I can't give him an answer.

GRIMES
The truth? Suspicion of murdering a Federal Agent named Jim Hart.

Long pause.

MASTERS
How do they do that?

GRIMES
(shrugs)
They got to a judge behind the door.

MASTERS
You told me you could arrange an appeal bond.

GRIMES
Hey, even if the judge grants it, it's just a postponement.

MASTERS
I can't go fuck and tell him that.

He takes some mixed nuts from a bowl.

39 Cont. 39

GRIMES
He was caught holding forty grand. What does he expect? He's gonna have to do a little, make the prosecutor feel good.

MASTERS
How much?

GRIMES
At least three.

MASTERS
No way. He'll cave on me.

GRIMES
What can he give them?

MASTERS
Everything.

Grimes looks out to the tennis court. After awhile he clears his throat.

GRIMES
Hey, if it was for you personally, I could take a shot, but this is a Federal judge. Mr. Cody is gonna have to bite a bullet. I see no easy way out of this problem, if you know what I mean.

40 INT. SANTA MONICA SHOPPING MALL - DAY 40

A brightly-colored atrium of small shops and boutiques on several floors. On the ground floor, a fountain bubbles in the center of a large wading pool, which is flanked by artifical trees, and the small tables and chairs of a poolside cafe.

Vukovich rides the escalator to the second floor.

41 INT. "HIGH VOLTAGE" BOUTIQUE - DAY 41

Vukovich enters a small trendy women's boutique that features the latest in new wave fashion.

Three or four women browse in the shop, watched over by two young women, one in her early twenties. The other, DONNA, in her early thirties, is Vukovich's ex-wife. She is unpacking a delivery of colorful blouses which she hangs on a long rack as Vukovich approaches her.

DONNA
How've you been?

VUKOVICH
Fine.

DONNA
How's your new partner?

VUKOVICH
He's okay. He's different.

DONNA
Something bothering you?

He shrugs.

DONNA
(continuing)
That's how you used to answer when we were married.

VUKOVICH
I'm just tired. You need anything?

DONNA
Nice of you to ask. I'm doing fine.

TIME LAPSE.

42 INT. GROUND FLOOR CAFE AT THE MALL - DAY 42

Vukovich and Donna carry coffee and sandwiches on a paper plate from a small service counter to a table alongside the wading pool.

DONNA
I see things a lot clearer now.

He gives her a puzzled look.

Cont.

Cont.

42 42

DONNA
(continuing)
Our relationship.

VUKOVICH
How so?

DONNA
It's like when you volunteered for a second combat tour without telling me. We were separated for a year and you stayed over when you could have come home.

VUKOVICH
I didn't volunteer to be away from you. It had nothing to do with it.

DONNA
I understand now. You're drawn to that kind of life.

VUKOVICH
Drawn to what?

DONNA
I'm sure you have some reason for doing what you do for a living.

Pause.

DONNA
(continuing)
Can I ask you something I never had the courage to ask when we were married?

He nods.

Cont.

Cont.

42 42

DONNA
(continuing)
Why did you choose to stay over there rather than come back to me?

Long pause.

VUKOVICH
I was just caught up in it is all.

DONNA
What does that mean?

VUKOVICH
You really wouldn't understand that.

DONNA
I'll accept whatever you say.

VUKOVICH
Would you understand if I told you I stayed there so I could kill more of them? Is that what you wanted to hear ten years ago?

DONNA
You could have come back. It was your choice.

VUKOVICH
I guess I shouldn't have lied to you about it. I still love you.

Long pause.

DONNA
Nothing's changed, though.

VUKOVICH
Nobody changes. Nobody ever changes.

A43 INT. CHANCE'S CUBICLE - U.S. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - DAY A43

A cramped rectangular area with three desks in a row, one of which belongs to Chance.

Cont.

Cont.

A43 A43

He stares at a poster tacked to the wall behind him: A self-portrait of Masters from an exhibition in Germany. A logo in the corner reads: "Rick Masters, Munich Museum of Modern Art."

Vukovich enters with two cups of coffee and sits on the desk next to Chance.

VUKOVICH
He's pretty good.

CHANCE
He'd rather print funny money. Nobody beats him at that.

He reaches into a desk drawer and produces one of the twenties confiscated from Cody. He hands it to Vukovich who studies it closely.

VUKOVICH
The blue and red fibers are perfect.

CHANCE
Look at the portrait.

ANGLE

CLOSE ON the face of Andrew Jackson.

CHANCE
(continuing)
The three-dimensional quality is just amazing. I've never seen better.

ANGLE

Chance and Vukovich.

VUKOVICH
Where did he learn?

CHANCE
He started painting and printing while he was in the can for armed robbery. Look at the photographic reduction.

VUKOVICH
Yeah.

CHANCE
He makes his own ink. Honey and cassene.

VUKOVICH
Where does he buy his paper?

Cont.

Cont.

A43 A43

CHANCE
Somewhere in Wyoming. In the old days he couldn't score 100 percent rag so he used to take old dollar bills, bleach 'em out and print twenties over 'em.

B43 INT. G-CAR (MOVING THROUGH TRAFFIC) - DAY B43

Chance and Vukovich are tailing the Rolls Royce.

CHANCE
You still married?

VUKOVICH
No. You?

CHANCE
When I was in the army I met a girl in Florida. She wore wide-brim hats and used to walk like she had little wings on her feet and we'd go to Key West in the summertime which was unbelievable.

ANGLE on the Rolls Royce moving through traffic.

CHANCE
(continuing)
We listened to a lot o'love songs. Lasted about a year.

Cont.

Cont.

B43 B43

VUKOVICH
Then what?

ANGLE on Chance and Vukovich (Moving).

CHANCE
Then, the romance and the reality got to be two different stories. I drove her to the airport and watched her plane take off and that's the last I ever saw of her.

VUKOVICH
Who kept the Patsy Cline records?

CHANCE
She did. And everything else.

C43 EXT. A DEAD END STREET - DAY C43

(Chance and Vukovich P.O.V.)

The Ferrari is parked at the far end of the street. Masters sits behind the wheel.

CHANCE (v.o.)
He's better at counter-surveillance than a Russian spy. He'll sit there and wait for twenty cars to pass him if he has to.

D43 INT. G-CAR - DAY (PARKING LOT) D43

CLOSE ON Vukovich, studying Chance as Chance focuses on Masters. They are finishing the last of a McDonald's take-out.

VUKOVICH
Where you from?

ANGLE on Chance.

CHANCE
I don't know. I was adopted. Which I didn't find out till I was twelve. Tried to find my old man for awhile, then I figured fuck it, who cares.

Long pause.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Don't ask me questions. Okay, Amigo?

Cont.

E43 ANGLE (P.O.V.) E43

The Rolls Royce pulls up to the exterior of MAX WAXMAN's office building. Masters gets out of the car and walks to a modest one-story professional building with a decorative facade. We hold on the building exterior as several good-looking women, secretaries on their way to lunch, pass by.

Masters is met by Max Waxman to one side of the building's entrance. They have a conversation that we don't hear.

F43 INT. G-CAR (PARKED) F43

ANGLE on Chance.

CHANCE
I love this town. You can get your cock sucked for 38,000 square miles and you don't have to feel anything.

G43 OMIT G43

43 OMIT 43

INT. "THE LOTUS" - A PRIVATE CLUB OFF THE SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT 44

SIX DANCERS in abstract costume perform to a sensuous rock beat. The dance is sexually suggestive. In the manner of 'Performance Art': It's theme is "Reality and Illusion". The costumes are geometric and androgynous in design. The patrons are mostly the young affluent, up for whatever is happening. The male dancers are in fact dressed as women and vice versa.

One of them is BIANCA TORRES, a dark-complexioned girl with high cheekbones, full lips, Aztec eyes, all of which are concealed in the clothing of a man.

The number ends to enthusiastic applause and the dancers run offstage.

5 BACKSTAGE "THE LOTUS" - NIGHT 45

Follow Bianca backstage to a tiny dressing room she shares with another dancer.

Cont.

Cont.

45 45

The door is slightly ajar when Bianca opens it, to reveal Rick Masters sipping a Tab in the corner, still wearing his tinted glasses.

The other girl goes across the hall to share a room with two of the other dancers. Bianca shuts her door. At this point she still appears to be a man.

46 INT. BIANCA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 46

Bianca goes to Rick. He tongue-kisses her slowly, removing her jacket and hat. We see her from behind, a strong, black glistening body that could still belong to a man. The CAMERA comes around slowly to reveal she is a woman, and beautiful.

BIANCA
I had a bad dream last night.

MASTERS
What about?

BIANCA
I was onstage doin' my thing and people in the audience were burning me with cigarettes. Serena once told me she always wrote down her dreams. She keeps 'em in a little book.

MASTERS
(sipping his Tab)
Who's Serena?

BIANCA
The girl who shares this dressing room.

Masters nods.

BIANCA
(continuing)
What did Carl say?

MASTERS
He said Max ripped us off.

BIANCA
You believe him?

MASTERS
Looks that way.

Cont.

Cont.

46 46

He wanders to a tiny sofa, sits down, leans back, stares at the ceiling. He takes out a small sketchbook and begins to draw Bianca as she sits at her mirror.

BIANCA
What we gonna do?

MASTERS
Take care of our problem.

47 EXT. ALL SOULS CHURCH - DOWNTOWN PASADENA - NIGHT 47

Moderate traffic in the street. Wind whips and swirls the rain, as the CAMERA moves up toward a priest's study on the second floor. No lights are on in the room, but as we move in, a window opens slowly; a pair of hands are held out to the rain.

48 INT. PRIEST'S STUDY - ALL SOULS CHURCH - NIGHT 48

John Vukovich presses his wet palms to his eyelids and shuts the window. We see him by a streetlight's reflected illumination. He wears a priest's robe. He paces the room briefly, rubbing the cool wetness into his face. Then he picks up a nearby pair of binoculars.

49 EXT. WAXMAN'S OFFICE (BINOCULAR P.O.V.) - NIGHT 49

Across the street from the church, the binoculars find and focus onto the office building. Venetian blinds cover a bay window that faces the street. The lights are on inside.

VUKOVICH
(picking up a small tape recorder and speaking into it)
Surveillance log...U.S. Treasury Field Office, Los Angeles...Office of Attorney Max Waxman, corner Wilshire and Canberra Street. This is day three, it's March 14, 2200 hours. Report of Agents Vukovich and Chance...

Cont.

Cont.

49 49

The door of the study flies open and Richard Chance enters, wearing a priest's robe. He raises his hands in a benediction.

CHANCE
Hocus pocus dominocus.

He closes the door behind him and joins Vukovich at the window. They both stare for several moments without speaking.

CHANCE
(continuing)
I'd love to parachute out this window right now. PHEWWW! When I was a kid, I'd get my rocks off goin' off the roof of my apartment building. Now I never miss a weekend parachuting.

An elderly priest enters with two cups of tea and a plate of cookies.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Thanks, padre.

PRIEST
Can I get you something else?

VUKOVICH
No thanks.

CHANCE
Why don't you make a jump with me sometime?

VUKOVICH
No thanks.

Chance unzips the priest's robe and shrubs it off. He wears a white T-shirt, Levis, gun and handcuffs.

CHANCE
Ever go to church when you were a kid?

VUKOVICH
Every Sunday.

Cont.

Cont.

49 49

CHANCE
You believe any of it?

VUKOVICH
How do you mean?

CHANCE
Like, do you believe that Jonah was actually swallowed by a whale?

Vukovich shrugs.

CHANCE
(continuing)
I mean, do you actually believe some son of a bitch was, in actual fact, swallowed by a whale?

Vukovich doesn't answer. Chance drops to the floor and does a rapid succession of push-ups.

CHANCE
(continuing)
I'd like to go down there right now and put a gun to his head and force the rotten prick to give up Masters.

He flips through a tiny address book and dials a call.

CHANCE
(on phone)
It's me...did I wake you? Sorry... what makes you think that? Who says I'm horny? Maybe I just called to say hello...I'm on a stake-out. I miss you. I really do. Hey, if I didn't, why would I call?

Vukovich listens to this with amusement, then turns back to the binoculars and peers at the Waxman Building.

50 EXT. WAXMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (VUKOVICH'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS) 50

He sees a woman in a raincoat approach the front door and push a buzzer.

VUKOVICH
Who's that?

Chance takes the binoculars.

Cont.

51 OMIT 51

52 INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT 52

Waxman checks the peephole, sees:

53 PEEPHOLE: WAXMAN'S P.O.V. - NIGHT 53

Bianca in a raincoat with umbrella.

54 INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT 54

He hurries to the closet, removes a snub-nosed revolver from the top shelf and stuffs it into his jacket pocket. With a quick glance back to the peephole he unlocks the door.

MAX
Long time no see.

She enters, closing her umbrella, as he locks the door behind her.

55 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 55

He opens a liquor cabinet as she sits on a sofa.

MAX
Bourbon?

BIANCA
Fine.

She surveys the room.

MAX
(bringing her drink)
Heard you were onstage again.

She nods.

MAX
(continuing)
What does Ricky-boy think about that?

Cont.

Cont.

55 55

She removes an envelope from her purse and hands it to him.

He goes to his desk and turns on a desk lamp. He lifts the flap of the envelope and blows into it. Holding it with one hand, he reaches into his desk drawer and removes a set of tweezers. He takes a fifty dollar bill (from a stack of fifties) with the tweezers and examines it carefully, both sides. He tucks the bill back into the envelope.

MAX
Quantity?

BIANCA
Hundred and twenty-five grand.

MAX
I've seen better, but I can offer you ten points for the package.

BIANCA
Twenty points is the price, Max.

MAX
Where? Off the back of a turnip truck? Tell Rick he can kiss my Jew ass.

BIANCA
Twenty or I walk.

MAX
Walk? Why walk? Cross your legs and relax.

She doesn't smile. He makes an entry in a little notebook, then puts the notebook in a wall safe behind him, and closes the safe.

MAX
(continuing)
What do you hear from Cody?

BIANCA
Problems.

Cont.

55 Cont. 55

MAX
I know you and Rick had some doubts about me on this Cody thing, and I wanna tell you, I hope that's over. I mean, I'm straight with Rick. I would never fuck with Rick.

BIANCA
Rick never talks to me about his business. He told me to tell you if you like the paper, he wants your order now.

MAX
No problem. Have another. Okay?

She smiles.

MAX
(continuing)
My client'll want to see the samples.

BIANCA
Who's he?

MAX
She. I defended her old man on a murder case two years ago.

BIANCA
What happened?

MAX
He's in San Q. Death Row.

BIANCA
How much did you charge him for the favor?

MAX
Funny. Look. I can't use too many fifties. What else you got?

BIANCA
Rick finished some twenties this weekend.

MAX
How many serial numbers?

BIANCA
Thirty.

MAX
When could I get 'em?

Cont.

Cont.

55 55

BIANCA
I'll ask Rick.

He moves closer to her.

A56 INT. PRIEST'S STUDY - ALL SOULS CHURCH - NIGHT A56

ANGLE on Chance and Vukovich looking out the window. They finish the last of their tea and cookies. Chance has the binoculars.

ANGLE on the building (P.O.V.) to see the blinds close in Waxman's office.

CHANCE (v.o.)
What's goin' on?

ANGLE on Chance and Vukovich.

VUKOVICH
I tried to get a bug inside.

CHANCE
What was Bateman's cop-out?

VUKOVICH
Not enough 'probable cause'.

B56 WAXMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT B56

MAX
I'm crazy about you. You know that.

BIANCA
Get serious.

MAX
I can help you. If you ever get in trouble. Know what I mean?

BIANCA
No.

He moves closer to her, taking her gently by the shoulders.

Cont.

Cont.

B56 B56

MAX
I been thinking about you all day.

BIANCA
Not here.

She takes his hand, looks around, then leads him toward the bedroom.

56 INT. WAXMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 56

Waxman sits on the bed. Bianca stands before him. He presses his face next to her vagina, his hands clutching her buttocks.

She lets him do it, then backs away. He is on his knees.

She goes to a side door in the bedroom and opens it.

BIANCA
I love rain.

MAX
Hey, close that.

He turns to her at the door, as Rick Masters enters the room.

MASTERS
Hello, Max.

MAX
Oh, Christ.

He gets up.

MASTERS
First you rip me off. Then you set up Carl, now you want to fuck my lady.

MAX
Rick, I swear to Christ...never. She came on to me, Rick, I swear it.

MASTERS
What a tragedy. I want my 600 K.

MAX
I had nothing to do with Cody getting popped. So help me.

Cont.

56 Cont. 56

Masters kicks him in the groin. A round kick, hard and swift. Waxman goes down. Masters slams a knee to his face, snapping his head back. He grabs him by the collar and tosses him toward the living room door.

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 57

Masters throws Waxman across the desk in front of the wall safe. He draws a .45 (with silencer) from the pocket of his leather jacket and presses it to Waxman's head.

MASTERS
Open up, Max. Make good and we'll be friends again.

Waxman doesn't move. Masters slugs him twice over the head with the barrel of the .45.

ANGLE

At the wall safe. Waxman's head is bleeding as he fumbles with the combination. The tumblers click and he opens the door.

57A CLOSE SHOT 57A

Inside the safe. We see a tray of money. On top of the stacks of banded bills is the small loose-leaf notebook.

Waxman reaches into the safe and palms the notebook. His fingers slide it quickly up his sleeve.

ANGLE

As Waxman takes the tray of money and sets it on the desk.

Masters signals to Bianca, who grabs the stacks and throws them into a large handbag.

Waxman picks up a free-standing African sculpture on his desk and backhands it to Masters' face. He draws his gun.

Masters is stunned and staggers away as Waxman advances toward him. Masters squeezes the trigger and shoots Waxman in the groin. He doubles over, dropping the statue.

Masters picks it up and examines it cursorily.

MASTERS
Eighteenth Century...Cameroon. Yes?

He shoots Waxman straight between the eyes.

TIME LAPSE.

58 EXT. ALL SOULS CHURCH - NIGHT 58

The street is empty.

59 INT. PRIEST'S STUDY - NIGHT 59

Chance lowers the binoculars and steps away from the window.

CHANCE
I'm gonna slash. Take the glasses, huh?

The sound of a police siren is heard getting closer.

Vukovich and Chance go to the window. Vukovich picks up the binoculars and sees:

60 VUKOVICH'S P.O.V. 60

A black-and-white police car with a flashing red light races around the corner and pulls up in front of Waxman's office. A uniformed OFFICER climbs out of the driver's door holding a night stick.

CHANCE (v.o.)
What the hell is going on?

61 EXT. WAXMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 61

Using a flashlight to illuminate the door of the office, the policeman rings the bell.

VUKOVICH (v.o.)
Damn!

CHANCE (v.o.)
What is it?

The officer goes to the bay window of the law office. Where the blinds meet, he leans down and peeks into the reception area. Suddenly, he runs back to the front door, pulls his gun, steps back and with two powerful kicks, he knocks the door off its hinges. Cautiously, he steps in.

CHANCE (v.o.)
The whole caper's blown. Three days down the drain.

They run out of the study.

62 EXT. ALL SOULS CHURCH - NIGHT 62

PAN Vukovich and Chance out of the main door of the church and across the wet street to the front door of the law office. The young police officer comes out.

CHANCE
(flashing his badge)
Secret Service.

Keeping his hand on the butt of his revolver, the officer shines his flashlight on their badges. Without saying anything, he rushes to the black-and-white, reaches into the driver's window and grabs a microphone.

OFFICER
Three David Thirteen requesting a homicide detective and a supervisor to Walnut and Los Robles. I've got a D.B. 187.

FEMALE (v.o.)
Roger.

OFFICER
(tossing the microphone back into the car)
What are you people doing here?

CHANCE
We've had this place under surveillance for three days.

OFFICER
The surveillance is over, gents. The guy inside is dead.

VUKOVICH
A thin guy, with curly hair and a mustache?

OFFICER
That's him. Next door neighbor thought he heard shooting, breaking glass. Why were you set up on him?

CHANCE
He's a counterfeit money dealer.

63 INT. WAXMAN'S STUDY - NIGHT 63

His body is in the fetal position on the floor near his desk. A bullet hole in his head. The front of his silk shirt is soaked with blood, as is an open area three feet or more around his body.

Cont.

Cont.

63 63

NOTE: The wall safe behind the desk is open and empty.

Chance and Vukovich enter cautiously.

VUKOVICH
We better get the hell out o'here.

Chance continues into the office. Vukovich follows hesitantly.

Chance looks around the room, focuses on

CLOSE SHOT - WAXMAN'S BODY

The small loose-leaf notebook protrudes from his sleeve.

Chance kneels next to the body and picks up the notebook as the officer re-enters. Chance shoves the book into his pocket and stands up.

64 EXT. U.S. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - NIGHT 64

A dark government car turns into the field office parking lot. We see a CLOSE SHOT of Chance's left hand adorned by a gold-plated Rolex, holding and adjusting the rear view mirror.

65 INT. SECRET SERVICE GARAGE - NIGHT 65

Chance at the wheel, Vukovich next to him, pulls the government car into the garage and next to a squadron of other anonymous vehicles.

66 INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - NIGHT 66

Chance kills the engine, reaches into his pocket and pulls out Waxman's notebook. He hands it to Vukovich.

Cont.

Cont.

66 66

VUKOVICH
What's this?

CHANCE
Max had it up his sleeve.

He exits the car.

67 INT. BULLPEN - U.S. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - NIGHT 67

A large deserted room, crammed with grey metal desks facing one another. On the walls are link analysis charts, blow-ups of counterfeit notes and surveillance photos of people standing near cars or coming and going into buildings. Chance sits at a desk leafing through the notebook while Vukovich locks away their surveillance equipment.

CHANCE
This is some kind of dealer's code.

68 INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE 68

An entry reads: "100 K-50/RM @ 15 PTS. -
C.R. DEL. 3/14."

ANGLE

As Chance flips more pages.

CHANCE
(continuing)
He's got all his delivery dates, amounts...no names, just initials... R.M....R.M....on every other page...Masters was his main source, no question.

VUKOVICH
That was a crime scene and this book is evidence. What if the cop remembers it's missing?

CHANCE
He wasn't in there long enough to remember what he saw.

VUKOVICH
You shouldn't have done it.

CHANCE
(stares at him for a moment)
What are you trying to tell me, Amigo?

Cont.

Cont.

68 68

Vukovich doesn't answer. He gets up and pours himself a cup of cold, stale coffee from a burner in the corner.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Course, if you feel strongly, I'll go back there right now and hand it over. Say the word.

VUKOVICH
I didn't say that.

CHANCE
Are you saying you won't carry your weight if something goes down?

VUKOVICH
We could get canned for this. If you expect me to take the heat, you should have asked me before you did it.

CHANCE
If I'da asked you, what would you have said?

VUKOVICH
I'd have said the cops would probably have let us copy the diary after it was booked into evidence.

CHANCE
I wouldn't have done it if I was with someone I didn't trust.

VUKOVICH
(he sips the coffee and stares out the window)
Well, I'm no snitch.

CHANCE
I didn't think so. The way I look at it, Max gave us a room-service fastball. He left us Rick Masters on a plate.

69 EXT. WILMINGTON DAWN 69

The government car cruises through a commercial district comprised of sex shops, porno theaters and novelty stores. The hand with the gold Rolex adjusts the rear-view mirror.

The streets are empty.

70 INT. CHANCE'S CAR - MOVING - DAWN 70

Chance is at the wheel. He is tired, needs a shave.

71 INT. LOWER MIDDLE CLASS RESIDENTIAL AREA - DAWN 71

The car turns into a neighborhood that is a mixture of pre-war homes and small apartment buildings.

72 EXT. A SIX-STORY APARTMENT - DAWN 72

Chance parks the sedan at the curb, climbs out and enters the building.

73 INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT - DAWN 73

Chance lets himself into a spacious living room with sofas and chairs decorated with colorful, oversized pillows. The walls are covered with framed prints and posters of no particular motif: a skin-suited rock star screaming into a microphone, a pink ostrich, a blue-tinted Picasso print depicting sad people standing at the seashore. The window is a view of another apartment house.

Chance goes to a well-stocked, mahogany bar in a corner of the room. He pours himself a scotch and sips it slowly, thoughtfully.

RUTH (v.o.)
Who's that?

CHANCE
Me.

He carries his drink down a short hallway to the bedroom.

74 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN 74

Chance enters. RUTH LANIER lies on a queen-size bed. She is twenty-six years old, dark hair and eyes, beautiful but slightly wasted. Chance stares at her protruding pelvic bones, her fist-sized pointed breasts. Above the bed is a four-foot square oil painting: a panorama of thick gray clouds held up by a King Kong hand.

He goes to the bed, gets on top of her and kisses her from her crotch to her lips.

She goes into the bathroom and runs the shower.

Cont.

74

Cont.
74

RUTH
(in shower)
Too bad about Max. If you'd have caught him dirty, he'd have done anything to keep from going to the joint.

CHANCE
Like you?

He takes another drink, sets the glass down on the dresser, unbuttons his shirt and shrugs it off.

Ruth comes out of the bathroom covered in two towels.

Chance unfastens his belt and trousers and drops them to the floor. He goes to a dresser and rummages through her clothing. He finds a white silk blouse and sheer black stockings that he tosses to her. She puts them on and falls back onto the bed. He stares longingly at a wide-brim hat on the dresser, then turns and joins her on the bed. She puts her legs up over his shoulders as he pumps her violently and she moans loudly, long and forcefully.

He comes quickly and rolls off her onto his back. He takes a few deep breaths, leans over and turns the radio on to a rock station.

Cont.

Cont.

74 74

RUTH
How much do I get for the information I gave you on Waxman?

CHANCE
No arrest -- no money.

RUTH
It's my fault he's dead? It took me six months to get next to him. I have expenses, you know.

CHANCE
Guess what. Uncle Sam doesn't give a shit about your expenses. You want bread, fuck a baker.

He crawls off the bed, does a long set of push-ups and shuffles to the dresser.

Recovering his drink, he returns to the bed, sitting cross-legged and facing her.

RUTH
Some day some guy I set up for you is gonna snuff me. It's not that hard to figure who an informant is.

He shrugs and goes into the bathroom where he proceeds to shave.

RUTH
(continuing)
You gonna stay awhile?

CHANCE
(in bathroom)
No.

RUTH
I have something for you.

He comes out of the bathroom, razor in hand, shaving cream on his face.

CHANCE
I'm listening.

RUTH
A dealer from San Francisco is coming into L.A. next week with fifty grand to buy stolen diamonds, the stuff that was lifted from the Bel Air Hotel. He's a Chinaman and he's connected to people in Hong Kong.

Cont.

74 74

CHANCE
Like I told you, I'm only interested in funny money.

He goes back into the bedroom. She goes to the bedroom window.

RUTH
I was reading about the stars. It talked about how the stars are the eyes of God. I think it's true, don't you?

CHANCE (v.o.)
No.

RUTH
If you had any real balls, you'd jump out this window.

CHANCE (v.o.)
What?

75 INT. BATHROOM - DAWN 75

Ruth enters and goes to the mirrow next to Chance, brushing her hair while he shaves.

RUTH
I'd like to get the hell out of L.A. I hate the smog; I hate the freeways. I want to live at the beach. Maybe Carmel. I always loved Carmel. I wouldn't live there unless I could live on the ocean, in a big house, with a view. The same thing happened to Max could happen to me, you know.

He checks himself out in the mirror. Puts on some shaving lotion.

RUTH
(continuing)
Did you hear what I said?

CHANCE
Nothing's gonna happen to you.

He kisses her fully on the mouth.

Cont.

76 INT. KITCHEN - DAWN 76

Chance goes to the refrigerator and grabs a bottle of orange juice. He takes a long drink from the bottle and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

Ruth enters, still brushing her hair.

RUTH
Can I ask you something?

CHANCE
Don't spoil it by getting serious.

He puts the bottle back into the refrigerator.

RUTH
What would you do if I stopped giving you information?

CHANCE
Why do you ask?

RUTH
I'd just like to know.

CHANCE
I'd have your parole violated.

Cont.

76 Cont. 76

RUTH
You mean that? You would do that?

He smiles and walks out of the room.

77 INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY 77

In b.g., names are called over the office intercom. Agents walk in and out of the bullpen, to and from cubicles and a briefing room. Some go to a steel gun cabinet in a corner of the room and sign in and out for loaded shotguns in leather cases.

Vukovich enters and walks to a door marked:

"Special Agent in Charge - Tom Bateman"

78 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 78

LINDBERG, a homicide detective, in his mid-forties, stocky, mustached, sits in a chair in front of Bateman's desk.

Vukovich sits in a chair next to him.

BATEMAN
This is Detective Lindberg, L.A.P.D.

Vukovich and Lindberg nod to each other.

BATEMAN
(continuing)
Anyone tell you what this is about?

VUKOVICH
No.

LINDBERG
When the patrol officer arrived he saw a book near Waxman's body. He remembers it 'cause there wasn't much else on the floor. Nothing in the safe. The book wasn't there when I arrived. I thought you or your partner might have picked it up. If you did, I need it back.

The two men stare at each other.

Cont.

78 Cont. 78

BATEMAN
This is no big thing. No one can fault a guy for trying a little too hard. If you have the book, you can turn it over and we'll forget it. No big impact.

VUKOVICH
I didn't take any book.

BATEMAN
But you went inside the office.

VUKOVICH
Yes.

LINDBERG
I wouldn't care if the murder looked solvable. But at this point I need the book.

VUKOVICH
Like I said, I don't have any book.

TIME LAPSE.

79 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 79

Chance is sitting where Vukovich sat. Bateman and Lindberg have changed their positions in the room.

BATEMAN
Vukovich cleared up that missing book. He said you took it 'cause you thought it would aid your investigation. Okay. No harm done. We just need your input.

CHANCE
I don't know what you're talking about.

BATEMAN
Funny. Vukovich said you did. He said you snatched a book off Waxman's body.

CHANCE
If he said that, he's a goddam liar.

Cont.

79

Cont. 79

BATEMAN
Listen, I think you make a mountain out of a molehill. The fact that you and your partner grabbed a book from a crime scene is really no big thing. I just want it back. I'm not lookin' to crucify anybody over this.

CHANCE
I don't know what you're talking about.

BATEMAN
In other words, you're gonna sit there and deny having taken the book, even though your partner already gave us the truth about the incident.

CHANCE
I don't know what else to tell you.

80 EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - WATTS - DAY 80

A lightning-quick game of three-on-three half-court is in progress. Six tall, muscular black men, shouting, playing tight defense and popping long jump shots or driving hard to the basket. A group of neighborhood people and kids are watching. All are black, but for the man in the French-frame sunglasses and the black leather jacket who appears at the rear of a group of spectators: Rick Masters.

He catches the eye of one of the players, a lean, graceful panther of a man: JEFF RICE.

After scoring on a driving layup, Rice signals to one of the hangers-on to take his place and he trots off the court to a quieter area of the playground where Masters joins him and they walk into the neighborhood.

MASTERS
How did the last stuff go?

RICE
I had it sold within a week. I need more but you changed all your phone numbers. I had people beggin' for some o'them twenties.

MASTERS
Had to lay low for awhile.

Cont.

80

Cont. 80

RICE
That's what I heard. I heard your mule got popped at the airport.

MASTERS
That's what I wanted to talk about.

RICE
Whatsat?

MASTERS
Carl Cody.

RICE
~~How~~ you be worried about him?

MASTERS
He's in Terminal Island and I think he might try to deal his way out. How much of a problem would it be?

RICE
Ain't no big thing. ~~But~~ ain't nobody gonna work for free.

MASTERS
What would it take?

RICE
Depends on what you gonna pay with.

MASTERS
What the hell you think I'm going to pay with?

RICE
It'll cost you a hundred K--in twenties--if they're as good as the last ones

MASTERS
Fifty grand in hundreds. That's all I have on hand at the moment.

Cont.

80 Cont. 80

RICE
Big bills ain't popular in this neighborhood. It's gotta be twenties.

MASTERS
I might have about fifty grand or so in twenties lying around somewhere.

RICE
(shakes his head and smiles)
Can I axe you something? Long as you print that shit your own self, what the fuck do you care if I get fifty or a hundred grand? It be nothin' but motherfuckin' paper to you. I'll take ~~seventy-five~~ K in twenties and I ~~personally~~ guarantee the job.

They arrive at Masters' Rolls-Royce which has attracted the stares of more than a few passers-by. The engine is in idle.

Masters gives Rice a soul-handshake and gets into the passenger side.

RICE
Why don't you drive something more ostentatious?

81 INT. THE ROLLS-ROYCE (PULLING AWAY) - WATTS - DAY 81

Bianca is at the wheel. She wears a black silk shirt, dark pants, boots and sunglasses.

MASTERS
Want you to go to Terminal Island tomorrow and see Carl.

BIANCA
What should I say?

MASTERS
Tell him I was finally able to get to the judge. I'll have him out in two weeks.

BIANCA
Take me to a nice restaurant tonight. Okay?

Cont.

Cont.

81 81

MASTERS
What's in it for me?

BIANCA
When we get home I'll let you come all over my face.

MASTERS
Deal.

82 EXT. WILMINGTON STREET - DAY 82

The Rolls whips through a neighborhood of low-lying store fronts.

83 EXT. SANTA FE CAFE - DOWNTOWN - DAY 83

A G-car pulls into the parking lot. Vukovich gets out and walks toward an old downtown restaurant.

84 OMIT 84

85 INT. SANTA FE CAFE - BAR 85

We follow Vukovich to a long bar, empty but for a single patron - Robert Grimes.

GRIMES
I don't have long. I'm in the middle of a trial.

VUKOVICH
What kind of trial?

GRIMES
Dope case. My client got caught delivering a pound of nose candy. I should be able to get him off though. The search warrant's weak.

VUKOVICH
Weak?

GRIMES
The color of the house is listed as brown in the warrant when it is, in fact, beige and yellow.

Cont.

85 Cont. 85

VUKOVICH
(shakes his head)
You should be ashamed of yourself.

GRIMES
I make no apologies for being an Attorney at Law. If I didn't accept the case, some other attorney would...<u>without a doubt</u>.

Grimes passes a beer to Vukovich. He takes his scotch and water and they move to a table against a side wall.

VUKOVICH
Without a doubt.

GRIMES
That's not to say I'm in love with dope pushers and funny money men. Doctors make money off cancer. That doesn't mean they like it. How's your new partner?

VUKOVICH
Fine.

GRIMES
A little too dedicated, perhaps?

Cont.

85 85

VUKOVICH
How do you mean?

GRIMES
He can pull you down.

Vukovich shrugs.

GRIMES
(continuing)
Too bad about Jim Hart.

Long pause.

GRIMES
(continuing)
Masters has been phoning me in the middle of the night and ordering me around like I was one of his mules. The other day he even had the balls to threaten me. The man is an animal.

Vukovich sips his beer.

VUKOVICH
How were you and Masters able to beat Uncle Sam three for three...?

GRIMES
In the first case I had the search warrant kicked out on a technicality. That was four years ago. Two years ago I believe it was, he had somebody cop a plea and take the fall.

VUKOVICH
And last year?

GRIMES
We don't talk about that.

A long pause as Vukovich reflects.

VUKOVICH
That was...there was an informant killed wasn't there? Now, Jim Hart's dead.

85 85

Grimes signals a waitress.

GRIMES
Could I get another scotch and water? John?

VUKOVICH
I'm fine.

GRIMES
Frankly, being house-counsel for a counterfeiter doesn't sit well with me. As a matter of fact, I'm up to here with it.

He holds his hand under his chin.

VUKOVICH
Good for you.

GRIMES
How bad do you and your friend want Masters?

Long pause.

GRIMES
(continuing, leans forward, elbows on table)
I can set him up for you.

VUKOVICH
I'm listening.

GRIMES
All I ask is that you give me your word you will never reveal my name as an informant. I needn't explain what would happen to my practice if there was even a hint that I'd set up one of my own clients.

A long pause.

VUKOVICH
Afraid you'll wind up on his hit list?

GRIMES
It's crossed my mind.

Cont.

85 85

The waitress arrives with his drink.

VUKOVICH
You have my word your name will never come up. What can you give me?

GRIMES
You've never met Rick, have you?

Vukovich shakes his head "no".

GRIMES
(continuing)
I can get you a meeting.

86 EXT. THE YARD - TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY 86

The yard is filled with inmates in various groups, talking, milling around, getting the sun, under watchful eyes of the guard towers.

A group of black inmates are playing a game of softball.

Near the softball outfield is a section of wall, against which Carl Cody plays handball with another INMATE.

The softball is hit to the outfield over the head of the left fielder. The left fielder and center fielder both chase after it in the direction of Cody.

As though by signal, various groups of men start to move away from the handball area.

Several prisoners in the close vicinity of Cody break away quickly. The man playing handball with Cody notices this and his eyes widen. He stops the game.

CODY
What is it?

HANDBALL PLAYER
The dudes are looking to shank somebody.

The handball player turns and hurries toward the main dormitory.

Cody is alone at the edge of a crowd.

Cont.

86 Cont. 86

He hurries back toward the chow hall. The blacks move quickly into his path. Cody turns. He breaks into a run straight toward the guard tower in the corner of the yard. He screams and waves his hands frantically at the tower. As he does, he rips a sawed-off spoon from behind his shirt collar at the back, pulls his shirt off and wraps it around his right hand, which now points the business end of the spoon at the advancing black men.

In an instant, the two men are on top of him. One grabs him around the throat while the other tries to drive his weapon into Cody's heart. The weapon is a comb worn in a process hair-do. It has been filed down and the attacker snaps the teeth out as he advances. We see it in CLOSE-UP as he presses it to Cody's rib cage.

In CLOSE-UP we see Cody's Pepto-Bismol bottle as he removes it from his pants pocket. He smashes it hard against the forehead of the man with the comb. The glass breaks and the pink liquid spills down the assailant's forehead. With his right hand, Cody reaches back and stabs the spoon into the shoulder of the man choking him.

The guard in the tower steps from his booth with a rifle at port arm. He fires rock salt at the feet of the three struggling men.

Another guard appears and fires from the opposite end of the wall.

The two black men back off, tossing their weapons and try to disappear into the crowd.

A squad of husky guards hurry out of the Administration Building toward Cody, who lies alone, badly shook and bleeding.

87 INT. CORRIDOR - TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY 87

A musclebound black guard unlocks a steel door and leads Richard Chance to a small room. An attractive young woman passes Chance in the hall: Claudia Leith.

88 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY 88

The room is furnished with a wooden table and two chairs. Chance sits across from Cody. Cody wears prison denims; there are cuts around his face and throat.

CHANCE
Who's the lady?

Cont.

88 Cont. 88

Chance picks up an 8" x 10" photo of the girl from the table in front of Cody.

CLOSE SHOT

A still photo of Claudia Leith. A composite of poses around a head shot.

On the back of the photo is her name, some screen credits and her agent's name and phone number.

CHANCE
Actress?

ANGLE

As Cody grabs the photo from Chance.

Cody takes a swig of his ever-present Pepto-Bismol.

CHANCE
Stomach problems?

CODY
Ulcer.

CHANCE
Remember me? Richard Chance.

CODY
They want me to have an operation, but I can't stand the thought of one of these prison butchers slicing me open. I'd rather drink this (Pepto-Bismol) and shit pink cement.

CHANCE
I want Rick Masters.

Cont.

88 Cont. 88

CODY
I've taken four falls and never ratted anyone in my life. I've had plenty of chances. Believe me.

The room is warm. Chance removes his jacket.

CHANCE
If Masters is your friend I can't blame you. I'd never hand up a friend either. Anyone who would is a piece o'shit.

Cody reaches into his shirt pocket and removes a pack of Camels. He taps out a cigarette, lights up and blows a sharp stream of smoke.

CHANCE
(continuing)
The thing is...I heard he tried to have you iced.

CODY
That doesn't mean I'm gonna roll over and play informer.

Cody picks up the Pepto-Bismol bottle and unscrews the cap, puts the bottle to his lips and takes a big gulp, replacing the cap.

CHANCE
If you help me I'm willing to talk to a judge about changing your sentence to parole.

CODY
What would I have to do? Like, exactly?

CHANCE
Take me to his plant and testify against him in open court.

CODY
I'd rather stay in here the rest of my life than testify in open court.

Chance sits silently for a moment.

CHANCE
Then you better lock your cell door and throw your key away, Carl, 'cause we can't protect you in here.

89 EXT. A STREET IN WILMINGTON - NIGHT 89

A long block of tiny row houses in a quiet lower middle-class black neighborhood. The streets are empty.

A large, late model car pulls up and parks. Jeff Rice and a GIRLFRIEND emerge carrying take-out food and wine.

They enter a house near the corner.

90 INT. RICE HOUSE - NIGHT 90

The rooms are small, the furniture old and characterless.

Rice's girlfriend enters first and turns on a light switch.

Sitting cross-legged in a beat-up leather chair facing the front door is Rick Masters, leather jacket, French shades, black urban cowboy boots.

MASTERS
Hello, Jeff.

RICE
What you doin' in my crib.

MASTERS
You sent two assholes to do Cody and they blew it. I paid you half and I want it back.

RICE
I been tryin' to get that money back. I had to front the whole purchase to get my people to do their thing. So, I ain't got it no more.

MASTERS
Then you better try and shit forty grand, 'cause I ain't leaving without it.

RICE
I take the weight I owe you Cody. Next time, there is no fuck up.

MASTERS
What next time? He's in protective custody.

RICE
Protective custody don't mean shit to me. The man is dead.

Cont.

90 90

MASTERS
In a pig's ass. I want my paper. I can't afford to have it circulating right now.

RICE
I tol' you I don't have it.

Masters draws a .45 with silencer from an inside jacket pocket.

RICE
(continuing)
I don't have it.

MASTERS
(cocks the.45)
Get it.

TWO BLACK MEN and a GIRL enter from a back screen door. They are partially naked or in underclothes.

FIRST BLACK MAN
What's happenin'?

Masters turns on them.

RICE
We just talkin'.

FIRST BLACK MAN
Talk about what?

MASTERS
Take a hike.

SECOND BLACK MAN
Why you so up tight?

He draws a knife. The other does, as well. The two men and girl begin to circle the room around Masters. Rice pulls at his belt buckle. It comes loose and becomes the blade of a knife.

RICE
I tol' you, ~~baby~~ I don't have what you ~~lookin'~~ for. So why don' you make it easy on y'self and shag your ass outta my crib. ~~You be a printer.~~ So go get some ink and be printin' some more o' that shit.

Masters fires a direct hit into Rice's left shoulder at the collar bone. It spins him around and knocks him back against the wall.

Cont.

90 90

One of the black men grabs a lamp and throws it at Masters' head. It hits him and stuns him. The other man leaps at Masters and kicks at him. A struggle follows.

Bianca is in the room. She holds a .38 pointed at the man who threw the lamp.

SECOND BLACK MAN
Your meat is dead, bitch.

Masters is on the floor bleeding from the head, but he holds the .45 pointed steadily at the visitors.

MASTERS
Why do you people want to buy into this?

(to Bianca)
Waste him.

She fires the .38 at the man who threw the lamp. He takes a hit between the eyes and drops.

Masters moves to where Rice lies on the floor writhing in pain. Bianca covers the rest of the room. He puts the barrel of the .45 into Rice's mouth and cocks the trigger.

MASTERS
(continuing)
Nobody rips me off. Never. You broke a contract with me; now you give me back my paper.

Jeff trembles as the gun is pressed to his mouth.

91 EXT. MASTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT 91

The Rolls Royce is parked in a semi-detached garage. In the back yard, a large, kidney-shaped swimming pool nestles against the side of the hill. The pool has a flagstone island in its center, a young palm tree sprouting from the island.

92 INT. BEDROOM - MASTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT 92

The light from the swimming pool illuminates the room.

CLOSE ON a fireplace, logs lit and roaring. A stack of twenty dollar bills is tossed into the flames, then another.

CLOSE ON Masters, throwing handfuls of the bills into the fire, his manic attitude is that of a painter destroying his masterwork.

Cont.

Cont.

92 92

Bianca lies nude on the satin sheets of the double bed.

BIANCA
How much you gonna burn, Rick?

MASTERS
All of it.

BIANCA
Why?

MASTERS
No good to me after they handled it.

TIME LAPSE.

In the firelit room, we can barely see the entwined shapes of Rick and Bianca naked on the bed. The rippling light from the swimming pool bounces onto the ceiling above them. We hear their whispered voices.

BIANCA
Want me to take my clothes off in front of other people?

MASTERS
No.

BIANCA
You want me to fuck other men?

MASTERS
No...

BIANCA
Say it!

MASTERS
I don't ever want you to fuck other men.

BIANCA
You're jealous?

Cont.

Cont.

92 92

He grabs her by the hair.

MASTERS
If you ever the fuck sleep with anyone else I'll kill you!

BIANCA
Ohh Rick...Take me to the river.

ANGLE

As Masters reaches for a portable video console near the bed. He clicks it on.

ANGLE

A video camera is activated and the image of Masters and Bianca fills a giant TV screen.

ANGLE

Masters reaches orgasm while watching the image of Bianca and himself.

TIME LAPSE.

The nude bodies of Rick and Bianca closely entwined in the barren, dimly-lit room. The fire has died. Their image is still on the TV screen.

BIANCA
Wanna hear my fantasy?

A pause.

Cont.

Cont.

92 92

BIANCA
(continuing)
I'm in my dressing room with Serena. She's wearing these little shiny things over her nipples. She's got big, hard breasts. And I'm looking at them. She sees me. She starts to spread her legs. She's wearing black stockings with garters. I can see it. She watches me staring at it. But it's very innocent. Then she tells me she has to shave it 'cause Lenny, the manager, is gonna come around and inspect everybody. She asks me to do it for her. Shave it for her. She gives me the razor and spreads her legs wider and leans back in the chair and she says, "Do it for me, Bianca -- please." And I don't really want to, but her voice...pulls me...and I start to shave her, carefully. And I feel her dripping down my fingers. Then Lenny comes in. He makes her stand up and he puts his fingers inside her, gently, and feels all around, and they're both watching me. Very innocent. Then he starts to walk towards me...

MASTERS
...Yeah?

BIANCA
Then, I always come.

93 INT. JUDGE MALCOLM'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY 93

An attractive young WOMAN sits behind a desk transcribing some shorthand notes as Chance enters.

SECRETARY
How are you?

CHANCE
Fine.

SECRETARY
Why didn't you call?

CHANCE
I been meaning to call you but you changed your number.

SECRETARY
Bullshit. I haven't changed my number in six years.

Cont.

Cont.

93 93

CHANCE
Well, I must have dialled wrong.

She gets up and knocks softly at the door to the judge's chambers.

SECRETARY
He only has ten minutes before court reconvenes.

CHANCE
(walking closely past her)
Thanks.

94 INT. JUDGE MALCOLM'S CHAMBERS - DAY 94

JUDGE IRVING MALCOLM sits in a high-backed leather chair behind an oversized, polished wooden desk. The walls are covered with rows of law volumes and the carpeting is soft and thick. Classical music emanates from the speaker as the judge reads from a law book.

After a long silence:

JUDGE
(without looking at Chance)
What do you want?

CHANCE
I have a writ I'd like you to sign.

JUDGE
(thumbing more pages)
What kind of a writ?

CHANCE
I need the release of a prisoner in Terminal Island so he can assist me on a counterfeiting case.

JUDGE
Must be a big case.

CHANCE
The target is a major counterfeiter also involved in the murder of a Federal Agent.

JUDGE
(interrupting)
I never sign such writs.

Cont.

Cont.

94 94

He reads in silence for a very long time, ignoring Chance. He continues to make notes on a yellow pad. After a while, he looks up.

JUDGE
(continuing)
Why are you still here?

CHANCE
I spent all morning working on this...I'd appreciate it if you'd be kind enough to look at it.

The judge breathes deeply, takes the writ and thumbs through it perfunctorily.

JUDGE
Okay. Now I've looked at it.

He tosses it forward onto his desk.

CHANCE
I have to have this guy out.

JUDGE
Didn't you come in here last month and ask me to hold him without bail?

CHANCE
I'll assume full responsibility for getting him back.

JUDGE
I don't need the headache.

He thumbs more pages of the law book.

CHANCE
Cody is an associate of Rick Masters. Masters has made a mockery out of you and me and this whole fucked up system! He killed my partner.

JUDGE
That doesn't change the fact that he's on a no-bail hold awaiting arraignment.

He looks up.

Cont.

Cont.

94 94

JUDGE
(continuing)
The answer is no.

Chance folds the writ and shoves it into his pocket. He goes to the door. He stops, turns to face the judge.

CHANCE
If I was one of your cronies you'd be spread-eagled on your desk right now to do this for me.

JUDGE
Don't say something you'll regret later.

They stare at one another, each attempting to control his anger.

JUDGE
(continuing)
Let me look at it again.

Chance steps forward. He offers the document which the judge yanks away from him. Taking a pen from a desk holder, he scribbles his signature on the last page.

JUDGE
(continuing)
If this prisoner escapes from custody, I'll make you testify in open court about how he made a fool out of you.

He tosses the writ at Chance.

Cont.

Cont.

94 94

JUDGE
(continuing)
Do you understand what I've just told you?

CHANCE
Yes.

JUDGE
Get the hell out of here.

He goes back to his paperwork.

95 EXT. TERMINAL ISLAND PRISON - DAY 95

In a LONG SHOT - Carl Cody comes out of the entrance to the Administration Building past a group of visitors going in. He is dressed in a wrinkled Hawaiian shirt and Levis, blue running shoes. He carries a small brown package tied with white string. With him is Chance. We follow them to the parking lot, to a nondescript green government car parked slightly away from the other parked vehicles.

CODY
You're a man of your word.

CHANCE
If you cross me or bullshit me I'll dedicate my life to putting you back in the joint, and I'll pull every string in the book to see that you do five years.

CODY
You have my promise.

CHANCE
I want to know where you and Masters print -- I want you to take me there now -- then, we're going downtown to swear out your statement.

They get in the car.

CODY
Can I ask a favor?

96 INT. CHANCE'S CAR - DAY 96

CHANCE
What is it?

CODY
My daughter is in the hospital. She's pretty sick. Could we stop by Santa Fe Hospital? It's on the way to where I'm taking you.

CHANCE
You pulling my tit?

CODY
I swear man. Check it out.

CHANCE
What's your daughter's name?

CODY
Roseanne Brown.

Chance lifts the car radio microphone from its dashboard hook. He presses the transmit key.

97 EXT. LONG SHOT - THE CAR PULLS OUT OF THE TERMINAL ISLAND PARKING LOT - DAY 97

CHANCE (v.o.)
Lincoln - Fourteen - Three - One to Los Angeles base.

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR (v.o.)
Go ahead three-one.

CHANCE
Request you phone Santa Fe Hospital and find out if they have a patient there named Roseanne Brown.

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR (v.o.)
Wilco.

98 OMIT 98

TIME LAPSE.

99 EXT. A STREET ON TERMINAL ISLAND - DAY 99

HIGH FULL SHOT Chance's car in traffic moving quickly.

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR (v.o.)
Three-one, this is Los Angeles base.

Cont.

99 99

CHANCE (v.o.)
Three-one.

FEMALE RADIO OPERATOR (v.o.)
Confirming patient Roseanne Brown, Room 306, Santa Fe Hospital.

100 EXT. SANTA FE HOSPITAL - DAY 100

Chance's car pulls into a parking space marked "Police Vehicles Only" in front of the building. He and Cody emerge.

101 INT. HOSPITAL MAIN LOBBY - DAY 101

Chance and Cody are at an information desk near the admissions area. A young ADMISSIONS NURSE checks a patient list.

NURSE
Brown, Roseanne -- She's in 306.

Chance and Cody stroll across the lobby to the elevator bank.

CODY
You have to come up to the room with me?

The elevator door opens. A tall woman in a nurse's uniform backs out of the elevator pulling a wheeled cart. She is followed by four or five other nurses who are chatting amicably. Cody and Chance step into the empty elevator.

102 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 102

Chance presses the "three" button. As the elevator ascends, he watches a row of numbers above the door blink on and off in succession. The doors open at the third floor.

103 INT. THIRD FLOOR - HOSPITAL - DAY 103

CHANCE
What's wrong with your daughter?

CODY
(steps out)
She got hurt in a fall.

Suddenly, Cody thrusts his elbow into Chance's ribcage. He turns and crouches, then punches Chance hard in the stomach. Then the jaw. Chance feels a wave of nausea and pain. He goes down, before taking a kick square in the face.

Chance descends into blackness.

104 TIME LAPSE. 104

CLOSE ON CHANCE ON THE HOSPITAL FLOOR - DAY

As his eyes come back into focus, he lifts up on one knee. Two elderly nurses are helping him to his feet.

CHANCE
(trying to catch his breath)
Where is he?

105 EXT. SANTA FE HOSPITAL - DAY 105

Bloody and bruised, Chance comes full speed out the front door. He looks around.

106 CHANCE'S P.O.V. - HOLLENBECK PARK 106

Scant traffic, no sign of Cody.

107 INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE - DAY 107

Chance sits opposite a DOCTOR who glances through a file at his desk.

DOCTOR
Roseanne Brown is a black woman. She's recuperating from a fall she took from a bicycle near USC. She's married. Her husband is listed as doing time for armed robbery at Terminal Island.

Chance gets up painfully.

DOCTOR
(continuing)
I think you ought to let us have a look at you.

108 INT. MASTERS STUDIO - DAY 108

Large, passionate strokes of color scream off the walls: Masters' paintings of Bianca.

Bianca lies on a long table that is covered with a white sheet in the middle of the room. She is face up, eyes closed, totally naked.

Masters moves around her, massaging her slowly and sensually, rubbing oil into her body.

Cont.

Cont.

109 HER P.O.V. - THE CEILING 109

Gentle patterns of reflected light are at play.

ANGLE

Bianca and Masters.

He massages her thighs strongly.

BIANCA
Oh God, you make me feel good.

She glances at the walls that display the two large paintings of her.

BIANCA
(continuing)
You gonna sell these?

MASTERS
Maybe.

BIANCA
You can sell anything you want. You could make a fortune with your paintings if you wanted.

Masters looks out the window.

HIS P.O.V.

An unmarked car is parked a good distance up the hill. A man is silhouetted behind the wheel.

MASTERS
Somebody's watching the house.

Bianca sits up slowly and turns to look out the window.

Her eyes are fixed on the vehicle parked on a hill above them.

BIANCA
What are we gonna do?

MASTERS
Let's give 'em something to look at.

111 INT. G-CAR (EXT. MASTERS' HOUSE) - DAY 111

Vukovich sits sweating behind the wheel, occasionally observing through a set of binoculars. He sips a Diet Coke. He sees:

VUKOVICH'S P.O.V.

Two nude figures dive into a swimming pool: Masters and Bianca.

As Vukovich watches, they sip from a bottle of Champagne at poolside.

Masters proceeds to kiss and lick Bianca's breasts as she is poised in the shallow end of the pool. Then he dives below the surface at her groin.

She looks straight toward the G-car and smiles in ecstasy as she continues sipping the champagne.

ANGLE

Vukovich. He is not enjoying his Diet Coke.

VUKOVICH
(under his breath)
Fuck you, too.

A113 EXT. ROOF OF MASTERS' GYM - DAY A113

Masters is sunbathing alone. Several other muscular men lie in deck chairs nearby. Chance and Vukovich approach.

CHANCE
Mr. Masters...

MASTERS
That's me.

CHANCE
Ben Jessup...my partner, Dr. George Victor.

They shake hands all around.

MASTERS
(noticing Chance's bruises)
Cut yourself shaving, Mr. Jessup?

CHANCE
You should see the razor. Kicked the shit out of it.

Cont.

Cont.

A113 A113

MASTERS
(studying the bruises)
You're in from Palm Springs...

VUKOVICH
Yeah.

MASTERS
What's the weather in Palm Springs today?

CHANCE
We've been up here the last few days.

113 INT. LOCKER ROOM OF MASTERS' GYMNASIUM IN BEVERLY HILLS - DAY 113

Only a few men are in the locker room in various stages of undress. Masters starts to undress and secure his valuables in a locker. He turns to Chance and Vukovich.

MASTERS
Take 'em down.

VUKOVICH
What?

MASTERS
Take your clothes off.

VUKOVICH
What for?

MASTERS
In case one of us is wearing a wire, Dr. Victor.

Vukovich and Chance, dressed in sporty clothes, start to disrobe. Masters. Masters hands them two towels from a pile.

MASTERS
(continuing)
I have a friend in Palm Springs. Lenny Greene. He owns the Oasis. You know him?

CHANCE
I've got a friend in Hollywood. Donald Duck. You know him?

MASTERS
I understand you do a little island banking.

Cont.

113 Cont. 113

VUKOVICH
That's right.

MASTERS
Where?

CHANCE
Cayman Islands.

MASTERS
Good business?

CHANCE
Not bad.

MASTERS
What sort of banking?

CHANCE
We're a Dutch Antilles Company. We loan money to various enterprises here in the States. The loans aren't secured by real estate or anything else down there.

MASTERS
Your friend is quiet.

He smiles at Vukovich.

VUKOVICH
I've got a headache. I haven't eaten all day. I thought this was gonna be lunch.

MASTERS
Lunch? This is a health club. What am I, a fuckin' waiter?

All three are naked now. A GYM INSTRUCTOR enters.

GYM INSTRUCTOR
Rick, you have a call.

He motions toward the foyer. Masters puts on shorts and a T-shirt and exits, leaving Chance and Vukovich to stare at each other.

114 EXT. REAR OF THE HEALTH CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY 114

Masters exits and is met by Bianca. Opposite them are Masters' Rolls Royce and the brown Mercedes being used by Vukovich and Chance. Masters and Bianca stroll through the lot.

BIANCA
There's nothing in the car. Tennis rackets in the trunk and some men's clothes with Palm Springs store labels. Some business letters with return addresses in the Cayman Islands.

MASTERS
What did the letters say?

BIANCA
Something about "please forward the stock we discussed", or something like that.

MASTERS
Who were the letters addressed to?

BIANCA
Caribbean Banking Unlimited, Dutch Antilles.

MASTERS
You see the names Jessup or Victor on any correspondence?

BIANCA
No...doesn't ring a bell...no... Jessup? No.

115 INT. GYM - DAY 115

TIGHT THREE-SHOT - Masters working out on the Nautilus weight machine; Chance on a rowing machine; Vukovich on a standing bike. Other men working out at a distance from them.

Cont.

Cont.

115 115

MASTERS
Your names aren't Jessup or Victor, are they?

CHANCE
Of course not. You think we're two schmucks who're going to give you our real names?

MASTERS
How do I know you are what you say you are?

VUKOVICH
We expect you to run a full check with the fellow who introduced us.

MASTERS
That'll take time. What kind of paper we talking about?

VUKOVICH
Hundreds and fifties paper. At least ten different serial numbers.

MASTERS
How much?

VUKOVICH
A million dollars.

MASTERS
How you gonna use it?

CHANCE
What business is that of yours?

MASTERS
It's always my business, Mr. Jessup.

CHANCE
Nothing will be passed up here. Our play involves an out-of-state gentleman who wishes to launder some bonds and protect his tax position.

116 INT. SAUNA AT GYM - DAY 116

Masters, Chance and Vukovich, alone and up to their necks in a tropically-decorated sauna that holds eight people.

Cont.

116 Cont. 116

MASTERS
My end is twenty percent for special orders.

VUKOVICH
We never pay more than ten.

MASTERS
Different serial numbers are a pain in the ass for me. I got to make different plates. I'd have to wear rubber gloves during the entire job. Ever try to work with rubber gloves?

VUKOVICH
Eighteen percent.

MASTERS
I don't negotiate. I might if I knew you, but I don't know you and I don't like what I see.

Vukovich exchanges a look with Chance, then nods to Masters.

MASTERS
(continuing)
I start as soon as you get me a down payment. In this case I'll take thirty thousand up front, the rest on delivery.

CHANCE
We never pay that kind of front money for anything.

Masters gets up and exits the sauna.

117 INT. LOCKER ROOM - SHOWERS - DAY 117

Masters is showering. Chance and Vukovich enter.

MASTERS
Everybody knows Rick Masters won't go near a job without front money. You should also know that I have never fucked a customer out of his front money. I've been coming to this gym three or four times a week for five years. I'm a very easy man to find. My reputation speaks for itself. The simple fact is that if you can't come up with the front money, you're not for real.

His gaze moves back and forth between the two of them.

He exits.

118 INT. BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 118

Bateman cleans his pipe. He is in shirtsleeves. With him are Chance and Vukovich.

BATEMAN
No way I can get 30K to make a buy. You'd hear 'em laughing all the way from Washington.

CHANCE
Christ, Masters beats the government out o'that much in a day. We've got a shot at making him on a hand-to-hand buy. Something he can't beat in court.

BATEMAN
You're not the first agents to get next to him. He always asks big front money.

VUKOVICH
And nobody approves it. That's why he's still on the street.

BATEMAN
The limit for buys is ten grand. I don't make the rules.

CHANCE
Not even when it's Masters? Not even when he kills an agent?

BATEMAN
You want Masters for yourself. I understand, but that's gonna get you in deep shit. I want him too, but if I've got a choice I want him by the book.

CHANCE
Don't make waves, right?

BATEMAN
You lost a Federal prisoner and I'm not gonna cover your ass.

CHANCE
I'm not asking you.

BATEMAN
I want Cody back!

(to Vukovich)
Where the hell were you?

Cont.

Cont.

118 118

CHANCE
He wasn't with me.

BATEMAN
Why not?

CHANCE
I blew it. I'll get him back.

119 EXT. UTRO'S CAFE - SAN PEDRO - DAY 119

Chance and Vukovich dining alfresco in the patio.

VUKOVICH
We should have offered Masters ten grand. I'll bet he'd have gone for it.

Chance gives him a dirty look, shakes his head, negative. A long pause while they continue eating their hamburgers.

CHANCE
Let me try something on you...Ruthie tells me there's a guy coming in Thursday to buy stolen diamonds. He's going to be carrying fifty thousand cash.

VUKOVICH
So?

CHANCE
So what do you think?

VUKOVICH
What do I think about what?

CHANCE
This guy comes in Thursday afternoon. Union Station. No muss. No fuss. If everything doesn't look like a piece of cake we just walk away.

Vukovich looks at him hard, throws the last of his hamburger away, then turns and walks to the street. He puts his hands in his pockets. Chance approaches him.

VUKOVICH
Jesus.

CHANCE
I told you when you came to me, I'm going to bag Masters and I don't care how.

Cont.

Cont.

119 119

VUKOVICH
So now you want to commit a robbery.

CHANCE
I wouldn't call it that.

VUKOVICH
What would you call it?

CHANCE
Taking down a dude who's trying to break the law.

VUKOVICH
And if it turns to shit?

CHANCE
We just say 'fuck it' and walk away.

VUKOVICH
What goes around comes around. We burn somebody we're gonna get burned.

CHANCE
Hey. You asked to work with me. Remember, amigo?

He gets into the car. Chance pursues, holding the door open.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Front money is the only way to get Masters to print.

VUKOVICH
I don't give a fuck. I'm not gonna pull a heist.

CHANCE
The guy's a fence. If he gets ripped off he can't walk into a police station and make a report.

VUKOVICH
Why not just go over to Masters' house and blow his brains out?

Long pause.

120 INT. PARKING LOT - SECRET SERVICE BLDG. - DAY 120

The Mercedes pulls into a marked space. Chance and Vukovich emerge. Chance comes to the driver's side.

CHANCE
Just drive the car. That's all I ask you to do.

VUKOVICH
Steal real money to buy counterfeit money? How will that look in court? His lawyer is Bob Grimes.

CHANCE
It'd be Masters' word agains ours.

Vukovich walks on.

VUKOVICH
When is this supposed to go down?

CHANCE
Thursday.

Vukovich slams the car door violently.

VUKOVICH
I'll go with you. I'll drive. But I'm not pulling a piece on anybody.

He walks away.

121 EXT. EDDIE'S HIDEAWAY - SAN PEDRO - DAY 121

A non-descript government car (different from those used in previous scenes) pulls into the parking lot. Chance gets out of the car and walks toward a door that is the entrance to a topless restaurant/show club.

122 OMIT 122

123 INT. EDDIE'S HIDEAWAY - DAY

The room is dark. There are only a few patrons watching a girl who dances topless on a circular stage.

Cont.

123 Cont. 123

Chance enters and approaches Ruthie at the entrance. She works as a cashier in an enclosed booth.

CHANCE
How sure is this thing tomorrow?

RUTH
You told me you weren't interested in diamonds.

CHANCE
Well, now I'm telling you I'm interested.

RUTH
All I know is what I told you. He's on the 708 Amtrak, leaving San Francisco at seven in the morning, getting into Union station at 4:35.

One of the dancers enters past them, carrying a clothing bag.

CHANCE
(sips his drink)
How come you remember? You wrote it down?

RUTH
Since when are you interested in diamonds?

CHANCE
Who's the seller?

RUTH
A guy I know.

CHANCE
What did this "guy you know" tell you?

RUTH
That a Chinaman comes down from San Francisco, buys diamonds, gold or whatever, then goes home.

Cont.

CHANCE
What's his name?

RUTH
Ling. Thomas Ling.

CHANCE
What's your end?

RUTH
Nothing. It's just a guy I know tells me things.

CHANCE
A guy you know. And he actually gave you the train the buyer is coming in on?

RUTH
Of course not. I called Amtrak and found his reservation.

CHANCE
Why? Why did you do that?

She smiles coyly and shrugs. Two businessmen enter. Ruth takes their entrance fee and passes them through a turnstyle.

CHANCE
(continuing)
You were thinking of having someone else meet him at the station and take him out, is that right?

RUTH
(laughs)
I thought about it. Why are you suddenly interested?

CHANCE
It fits with some other things that are happening at the moment.

RUTH
You gonna bag him?

CHANCE
Maybe.

RUTH
How do you do that when he's carrying real cash and hasn't committed a crime?

Cont.

123 123

CHANCE
I bust him for Mopery. Moping without a license.

RUTH
How much is in this for me?

CHANCE
How much of what?

RUTH
Don't shit me. I know what you're gonna do -- and they'll think I set it up.

CHANCE
Alright, how about this? I'll give you 5 K.

RUTH
Chump change.

CHANCE
And my promise not to throw you back in the joint.

124 BLACK SCREEN - IN DARKNESS, WE HEAR TRAIN WHEELS CLATTERING AT A DISTANCE. GETTING CLOSER. 124

125 EXT. HIGH TRAVELLING, FAST-MOVING SHOT - AMTRAK TRAIN NO. 708 ALONG THE CALIFORNIA COASTAL ROUTE TO LOS ANGELES - DAY 125

126 EXT. GATE SIX - UNION STATION - DAY 126

Amtrak 708 has just pulled in. A large group of people disembark. Among them are twenty to thirty people of Chinese descent.

127 INT. TUNNEL LEADING TO MAIN TERMINAL - UNION STATION 127

The group of disembarking passengers enter the tunnel.

128 INT. MAIN TERMINAL UNION STATION 128

LONG LENS SHOT on groups of Chinese faces entering the terminal. One of them is Thomas Ling.

VOICE OVER (on speaker)
Mr. Thomas Ling. Please come to Passenger Services. Passenger Thomas Ling, arriving on Amtrak 708, please come to Passenger Services.

129 INT. UNION STATION MAIN TERMINAL - DAY 129

LONG LENS C.U. THOMAS LING, a muscular Chinese man in his late thirties, wearing a tropical suit, Hawaiian shirt, and carrying a thin aluminum Halliburton briefcase. Hearing his name, he pauses, surprised, looks around for 'Passenger Services' and breaks away from the departing passengers.

130 INT. PASSENGER SERVICES - MAIN TERMINAL - DAY 130

A large, enclosed rectangular area near the entrance to the main gate.

Mr. Ling approaches an elderly CLERK in uniform who works behind the enclosure.

LING
I'm Thomas Ling. You have a message for me?

The clerk hands him a small envelope.

Ling moves away from the desk toward the Main Terminal, looking around. He opens the envelope and reads:

131 E.C.U. - A FOLDED PIECE OF NOTE PAPER. LING'S HANDS UNFOLD IT; IT READS: 131

"Hello, asshole."

E.C.U. LING

He looks up quickly. Richard Chance is at his side, smiling, a topcoat draped casually over his right hand (concealing a .357 Magnum).

CHANCE
Keep moving.

He hustles him toward a side exit.

Cont.

131 Cont. 131

LING
What's the game?

CHANCE
Walk.

LING
Why?

CHANCE
Why? 'Cause if you don't I blow your guts all over the floor.

With another nudge of the gun, Ling moves across the lobby.

MOVING with Chance and Ling as they walk toward the exit to the street. As they pass the rotunda, TWO MEN in the distance rise from benches and move towards them.

132 EXT. UNION STATION - SIDE COURTYARD - DAY 132

As Ling and Chance move out the arched doorway and across the courtyard toward another archway. Ling looks around, nervously.

ANGLE

A car heads quickly up the driveway straight towards them, swerves and stops. It is an undercover G-car driven by Vukovich.

Chance and Ling climb into the car.

133 INT. G-CAR (MOVING) - DAY 133

As it pulls out of Union Station Chance tosses the coat which was covering his gun into the front seat. He shoves the gun against Ling's chest as he snatches the briefcase out of his hand. With one hand, he tries the latches.

They pass factories and rendering plants as they drive along Alameda Street. The car radio plays.

CHANCE
(to Ling)
Where's the key?

Cont.

133 Cont. 133

LING
I don't have it.

CHANCE
(to Vukovich)
He doesn't have it. What a guy.

As he drives, Vukovich reaches into the glove compartment and hands Chance a screwdriver. Chance continues to press the gun against Ling as he holds the briefcase in his lap and clumsily tries to pry the latches.

LING
If this is what you want (the briefcase) you can have it. Just let me go.

CHANCE
Go? Go where? Where you gonna go?

134 EXT. ANGLE on the G-car as it turns the corner at Sixth Street and heads down a shabby commercial area toward the Sixth Street bridge. 134

WHIP PAN BACK - to see another car in the distance -- following swiftly.

ANGLE

On the Sixth Street Bridge as the G-car takes the off ramp.

ANGLE

Below the Sixth Street bridge, a long series of archways -- railroad tracks zig zag over rough ground littered with stones, rocks, rubbish and broken glass.

Factories, smokestacks and warehouses in the distance. A few trucks parked under the otherwise deserted archways.

135 The G-car pulls up and parks. Chance backs out the rear passenger door holding the briefcase in one hand and pointing the gun at Ling with the other. Ling follows, his hands in the air. It is a bizarre tableau in the surreal industrial setting. 135

Chance kicks Ling toward a cement pier where they are hidden from view as Vukovich jumps out of the car and follows quickly.

CHANCE
Anybody follow you?

Cont.

135 Cont. 135

Ling is silent.

CHANCE
Huh?

LING
A little late to worry about that, isn't it?

CHANCE
Don't get sarcastic with me, sucko.

A look of sheer terror comes over Ling's face as Chance bangs the aluminum briefcase against the cement pier again and again. It beats a weird staccato counterpoint to the factory noises and distant trains uncoupling.

Finally the briefcase breaks open and its contents fall to the dirt at the base of the pier near an old car seat.

CLOSE on the contents of the briefcase: a telephone book.

CHANCE
(wired)
Funny.

He transfers the .357 to his right hand.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Where is it?

Ling stares at him impassively.

VUKOVICH
He doesn't have it. Let's get the hell out of here.

136 ANGLE 136

On Alameda Street as the pursuit car races toward the Sixth Street Bridge.

137 ANGLE 137

Under the bridge, as Chance moves closer to Ling and places the gun to his temple.

CHANCE
You're carryin' it. Aren't you?

Ling will not answer.

Cont.

137

Cont. 137

Chance reaches into Ling's jacket pockets, comes out with a wallet with only a very few dollars and a couple of credit cards, a set of keys, train tickets.

LING
You gentlemen are making a mistake.

CHANCE
Yeah, huh?

Chance throws the wallet, credit cards and other items from Ling's jacket pocket onto the ground. He slaps Ling across the face with the .357 Magnum.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Strip down.

Ling eases out of his jacket. Chance grabs it, pats it down, tosses it away. He pulls at Ling's shirt, ripping it off his back.

Ling is wearing a canvas money belt around his waist. Chance yanks it off and tosses it to Vukovich. Vukovich examines it quickly.

VUKOVICH
This is it. Let's go.

CHANCE
(to Ling)
Alright, get your pants off.
Toss 'em over to me. Shorts, too.

Ling kneels. Vukovich half-turns and backs away toward the G-car.

The sound of brakes squealing on the bridge above them is heard. Chance, Vukovich and Ling turn. The bridge is about fifty yards off.

138 ANGLE 138

On the bridge: The pursuit car is parked and the two men who followed from Union Station are standing near their car pointing at Chance, Ling and Vukovich. One of the men hurries back to the car, jumps in and comes back with a high-powered rifle. He aims it at Chance.

Cont.

139 Cont. 139

ANGLE

Ling is in a squat position. He reaches into the left leg of his trousers and pulls a snub-nosed revolver from an ankle holster. He fires twice at Vukovich near the G-car. Vukovich drops to the ground as the shots dig into the gravel near his feet.

Chance drops to the ground as a car on the bridge crashes into the rear of the pursuit car. The man with the rifle turns toward the accident as his rifle goes off. Ling gives an animal-like yelp as he is knocked backward. His gun drops from his hand and he crawls to his knees attempting to stem the flow of arterial blood from his neck...and gushing now at his mouth.

His eyes are wide and he stares steadily at Chance as if begging for help. Gagging on blood, he falls forward.

As Chance runs toward the G-car, Vukovich stares at the dying man. In the foreground, Ling's legs twitch in death throes.

CHANCE
You okay, Amigo?

VUKOVICH
Christ, they killed him.

CHANCE
We gotta split...

VUKOVICH
They killed him.

Chance opens the car door.

CHANCE
C'mon Goddamn it!

Finally, Vukovich gets into the car, the rear passenger seat. Chance speeds away before the door is closed.

140 INT. THE G-CAR SWERVING AWAY FROM THE PIERS 140

Profiles of Chance driving, Vukovich in the rear seat, his head thrown back.

Chance looks around nervously.

CHANCE
(continuing)
Are you hit?

VUKOVICH
I don't know. I don't think so.

Cont.

140 Cont. 140

From over Chance's shoulder, we see the pursuit car coming straight toward them at seventy miles per hour.

Chance spins the wheel quickly and turns the G-car around in a squeal of brakes.

141 EXT. 141

The G-car heads back toward the bridge and the piers, the pursuit car on its tail. (The G-car has no tail plate.)

ANGLE

The G-car tears across the rubbish-strewn gravel.

The pursuit car accelerates.

ANGLE

The G-car crosses a set of railroad tracks and heads up a steep gravelled rise toward the cement piers.

142 INT. THE G-CAR 142

VUKOVICH
Who the hell are they?

CHANCE
Got to be his customers.

143 EXT. 143

The pursuit car bounces up and over the rise.

ANGLE

The two cars enter an archway at the piers: an endless series of power lines overhead; behind, more power lines, piers and downtown Los Angeles in a blazing afternoon sun.

The G-car twists in and out around the piers, dodging large cement tubular supports, but the pursuit car keeps pace.

144 INT. PURSUIT CAR 144

Over-the-shoulder silhouettes of the two men driving hard toward the G-car. The man in the passenger seat leans out of his window, draws an automatic pistol and fires a shot at the G-car.

145 EXT. MED. CLOSE ANGLE 145

The two cars zig-zag around the otherwise deserted piers, dust and gravel splattering around them.

146 LOW ANGLE CLOSE SHOTS at tire level of both cars as dust, gravel and refuse fly past the CAMERA. 146

147 INT. THE G-CAR 147

P.O.V. over Chance's shoulder. Approaching in the distance is another set of piers and a long series of slow-moving open box cars. Chance heads straight toward the box cars.

148 ANGLE 148

Travelling fast behind both autos toward the box cars.

149 SIDE ANGLE 149

The G-car races parallel to the box cars but in the opposite direction.

The pursuit car follows and the passenger fires another shot.

150 INT. THE G-CAR 150

Glass from the rear window splatters into the car, stinging the back of Vukovich's neck. Chance accelerates.

151 ANGLE 151

As the G-car comes to the last box car and turns right around it, using it as a shield.

152 ANGLE 152

The pursuit car makes the same turn.

153 ANGLE 153

Travelling overhead view of the two autos racing close alongside the box cars.

154 ANGLE 154

Past an oil rig as the G-car races to the lead box car and swerves directly in front of it.

155 ANGLE 155

As the pursuit auto follows and narrowly misses collision with the lead box car. The box car screeches to a stop.

Cont.

Cont.

156 ANGLE 156

A tributary of the Los Angeles River. The G-car rattles across a series of railroad tracks, ending on a narrow paved riverbed. The G-car must straddle the riverbed for a distance of a hundred yards, leaving a long spray of water in its wake.

157 ANGLE 157

The pursuit car across the tracks and straddling the riverbed.

158 INT. 158

The pursuit car as the wake from the G-car splashes across the windscreen blocking its view.

159 EXT. 159

HIGH ANGLE Sixth Street bridge. The G-car streaks along in moderate traffic. The pursuit car is now some distance behind.

160 INT. THE G-CAR 160

VUKOVICH
Jesus H. Christ...

CHANCE
Hold with me.

ANGLE

Over Chance's shoulder. The entrance to the Harbor Freeway is ahead. Chance turns quickly onto what he believes is the freeway entrance.

161 EXT. 161

CLOSE TRAVELLING SHOT on the G-car as it enters the "Wrong Way" ramp of the freeway.

162 INT. 162

CLOSE ON Chance as he belatedly sees;

163 INT./EXT. CLOSE TRAVELLING SHOT ON SIGN 163

"WRONG WAY, DO NOT ENTER"

164 INT. 164

CLOSE ON Vukovich, bug-eyed, as he realizes where Chance is going.

Cont.

Cont.

165 P.O.V. FROM INT. G-CAR 165

Rush hour traffic coming off the ramp, having to dodge the G-car which is entering.

166 ANGLE 166

The freeway jammed with rush hour traffic. The G-car wends its way through oncoming traffic avoiding collisions every few yards. Other cars spin out and turn sharply.

167 INT. THE G-CAR 167

Profile on Chance, manic and determined; then on Vukovich, terrified.

168 ANGLE 168

At the wrong-way entrance to the freeway. The pursuit car winds a zig-zag path, avoiding cars that have spun out or collided from the arrival of the G-car.

The pursuit car stops and the two passengers jump out in frustration. Guns drawn, they run the rest of the way up the ramp, dodging the confused downrushing cars.

169 ANGLE 169

On the freeway: the two men watch as the G-car cuts across three lanes of traffic, the wrong way, toward a grassy knoll, leaving a wake of chaos behind.

170 ANGLE 170

The G-car comes down a forty-five degree grade, off the freeway, a chorus of car horns echoing above.

171 EXT. A DESERTED PARKING LOT - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY 171

The battered G-car limps in.

172 CLOSER ANGLE 172

The trunk of the car as Chance opens it, grabs a tire iron and smashes the remaining rear windshield glass.

VUKOVICH
(staring at the car)
What are we gonna do?

CHANCE
Go to an auto parts store. Buy a new glass.

Cont.

172 Cont. 172

VUKOVICH
We're fucked.

CHANCE
We're okay -- don't you see? If that son of a bitch had hit the trunk or the doors, we'da been screwed. There's no way we could have fixed it and got it back to the motor pool in a day. We lucked out.

173 INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 173

The door opens, bringing a slash of street light that falls across the bed throwing Chance's shadow on the wall as Ruth sits up and switches on a table lamp. Chance enters, sweating and disheveled.

RUTH
What happened? I called you all day.

CHANCE
(tosses the money belt onto the bed)
Clockwork. Everything went like fucking clockwork.

RUTH
(opening the belt; it's filled with money)
Jesus.

CHANCE
(tearing off his shirt)
What have you heard?

RUTH
My friend called. He said the Chinaman never showed up.

She pulls handfuls of money out of the belt.

RUTH
(continuing)
God. Fifty thousand bucks.

Chance pulls his trousers off and falls onto the bed, exhausted. He puts both hands over his face, then over his head. He shuts his eyes.

Cont.

Cont.

173 173

RUTH
These people aren't dumb. They know somebody had to set up the Chinaman.

CHANCE
Go back to sleep.

RUTH
(her voice coming from far away)
I'm worried. The stars are God's eyes.

174 INT. SECRET SERVICE OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 174

A dozen SPECIAL AGENTS sit in even upholstered chairs. Vukovich is among them, looking hung over and exhausted. Bateman is addressing the group.

BATEMAN
...Another reminder that every one must qualify on the pistol range, at least once every month. If you don't, I've been instructed to write you a letter of reprimand, so give me a break 'cause I'm up to my ass in paperwork.

Chance enters. He looks shaken and disheveled. He exchanges a quick look with Vukovich, hurries to an empty seat and turns to Bateman.

CHANCE
(to Bateman)
Sorry...

Bateman gives him a dirty look.

Cont.

Cont.

174 174

BATEMAN
...We're ahead of New York for the quarter in counterfeiting arrests and I'd like to keep it like that.

There is a lot of fidgeting in the room.

BATEMAN
(continuing)
The last item on the Agenda is a bulletin from the FBI.

Someone hisses loudly.

There is laughter.

Bateman glares.

BATEMAN
(continuing, reading from a teletype)
"On February 26th, FBI Special Agent Robert Fong of the Bureau's San Francisco field office was kidnapped and robbed of fifty thousand dollars in government funds. Fong, who was acting in an undercover capacity as part of a Bureau-sponsored sting operation, was abducted shortly after arriving at Union Station, Los Angeles. FBI Agents who were covering Fong were able to trail the suspects from Union Station to a location approximately three miles away. There, a shoot-out occurred and Fong was killed by one of the assailants. The suspects are described as white males, thirty to thirty-five years old, both approximately six feet tall and of medium build, one with black, the other with brown hair. They eluded Fong's covering agents after a high-speed pursuit, having fled in a beige, late-model Chevrolet. Anyone having information on these suspects, contact the Special Agent in Charge, FBI, San Francisco."

Vukovich and Chance sit frozen to their chairs, afraid to turn or move a muscle.

Cont.

Cont.

174 174

BATEMAN
(continuing)
This is what happens when proper covering prodedures aren't followed.

He gathers up his papers.

BATEMAN
(continuing)
I guess that's it.

The agents begin filing out of the room. Vukovich stands and mingles into the crowd.

175 INT. A STAIRWELL - SECRET SERVICE - DAY 175

A fire exit door opens quickly. Chance and Vukovich enter. Chance closes the door behind them and they are alone.

VUKOVICH
We got a fuckin' FBI agent killed, did you hear that?

CHANCE
What do you want me to do?

VUKOVICH
It's just a matter of time...they got a good look at us.

CHANCE
A face is meaningless without a name.

VUKOVICH
They got a make on the car.

CHANCE
If they had anything to go on they wouldn't have sent out a teletype. They're grabbing at straws.

Cont.

Cont.

175 175

VUKOVICH
What are we gonna do about the fifty grand?

CHANCE
We're gonna make the buy from Masters, just like we planned.

Vukovich stares at him.

VUKOVICH
Are you crazy?

CHANCE
Like we planned, Amigo.

176 INT. DONNA VUKOVICH HALLWAY - NIGHT 176

Vukovich climbs a flight of stairs to the second floor and goes quickly down a hallway to an apartment at the end.

He knocks. Twice. Three times. The door opens a few inches and Donna is there, in a short night shift. She doesn't unlock the chain.

VUKOVICH
Did I wake you?

DONNA
What time is it?

VUKOVICH
I'm sorry. I wanted to talk.

DONNA
What's wrong?

VUKOVICH
I need to talk to you about something.

DONNA
It's too late.

VUKOVICH
I'm gonna quit my job.

DONNA
I can't talk right now.

The door chain is between them.

Cont.

Cont.
176 176

VUKOVICH
Is someone in there?

DONNA
No...it's late...You're gonna wake the neighbors.

VUKOVICH
Fuck the neighbors.

DONNA
Stop by the boutique tomorrow and we can talk.

VUKOVICH
Who's in there?

DONNA
You never cared about what I did when we were married, why should you care now?

VUKOVICH
Donna, please.

DONNA
Nobody ever changes, right? Well, I have a life now. I have people who are important to me, who care about me. I want to talk to you--but not like this.

VUKOVICH
Donna --

DONNA
John, don't make a scene.

he door slams shut.

A177 INT. BACKSTAGE LOTUS CLUB - NIGHT A177

Four of the dancers are talking and smoking in the hallway. A silent old watchman sits against the back wall, staring into space.

Chance enters. He approaches the watchman and asks him a question. The watchman directs him to the dressing room area, to which we follow Chance.

Chance pushes past a curtain and looks around.

MASTERS (v.o.)
Over here.

Cont.

A177 A177

Masters stands at the entrance to Bianca and Serena's room.

Bianca helps Serena with her costume, then sits down to apply her own makeup. Chance takes all this in. Serena exits.

CHANCE
(gestures to Bianca)
Who's she?

BIANCA
Who are you?

MASTERS
This is Mr. Jessup, who's name really isn't Jessup who says he's from Palm Springs but doesn't have a tan.

BIANCA
I wonder if he plays golf.

MASTERS
(to Chance)
Play golf?

CHANCE
Possum.

MASTERS
Come to talk or do business?

CHANCE
How do we do business in here?

MASTERS
It's a clean, quiet place. Beautiful women. Atmosphere.

They stare at each other.

MASTERS
(continuing)
You're not WIRED -- are you?

(He shouts the word into Chance's chest.)

CHANCE
Want me to pull my pants down again?

BIANCA
Not here. Please.

MASTERS
Where's my package?

Chance opens his shirt to reveal Ling's money belt. He rips it off and tosses it to Masters.

CHANCE
Thirty grand. Want to count it?

Masters opens the belt and leafs quickly through the bills. He crumples one, then smoothes it evenly. (A counterfeit test.) He smiles at Chance.

CHANCE
Okay?

MASTERS
You're beautiful.

CHANCE
When do I get delivery?

MASTERS
How's Friday night?

CHANCE
If I don't hear from you then,
I'll come back to pick that up. (the money)

MASTERS
Understandable.

Chance turns to leave.

MASTERS
(continuing)
Mr. Jessup...

Chance turns back.

MASTERS
(continuing)
Like your work?

177 INT. GRIMES LAW OFFICE - DAY 177

A spacious, contemporary room, bright, colorful and spare.

Cont.

177 177

One wall contains floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. Law books. Grimes sits in a lounge chair in front of a driftwood coffee table, taking notes on a yellow legal pad. Opposite him is John Vukovich, who we do not see immediately.

GRIMES
As I see it, your only defense is to say that you were working undercover without the knowledge of your supervisors. You were trying to get next to Masters and things just got out of hand and you intended to return the money. The problem is, you'd have to take the witness stand. The prosecutor could ask you anything he wanted. Frankly, I don't think you can beat the case in court.

He goes to a carved oak cabinet and opens it.

GRIMES
(continuing)
Scotch or bourbon?

Cont.

177 Cont. 177

VUKOVICH
Scotch.

Grimes takes out a bottle and two glasses.

GRIMES
Because I represent Masters, I could never get deeply involved in your case, if you see what I mean.

VUKOVICH
So what do I do?

GRIMES
You can either wait until they arrest you or you can beat them to the punch with the U.S. Attorney and make a deal.

VUKOVICH
What kind of deal?

GRIMES
I'd say the best way to go would be to offer to plead guilty and to testify against your partner. If you choose this course, it's something that should be done immediately. If they already have you identified they might not go for the deal. Part of the atmosphere as I see it is that the FBI is not going to want a lot of publicity over the incident. I would suspect they would go along with a guilty plea.

VUKOVICH
How much time would I have to do?

GRIMES
I could probably get you off with seven years. You'd never have to do seven, of course. First offense means you'd only have to do a third. A few other little things I could do, you'd probably end up doing a year and a half.

VUKOVICH
But you can't get involved.

Cont.

Cont.

177 177

GRIMES
Not...directly...

Vukovich wipes his palms on his trousers. He looks at them for awhile. Throws back a drink.

VUKOVICH
How much would it cost for your... indirect involvement?

GRIMES
Fifty thousand dollars.

Vukovich nods for a long time. He stands up and goes to the window, staring outside.

VUKOVICH
Guess I could have expected that.

GRIMES
Nobody works for free.

Vukovich watches a distant jet plane cut a trail across a white sky. He looks down. In the street there is no sign of people walking anywhere.

GRIMES
(continuing)
I know it's a tough call, but it's one you're going to have to make rather quickly.

VUKOVICH
I'm not gonna hand up Chance. I can't do it. Even if I have to go to the joint.

Cont.

178 EXT. P.O.V. - AN APARTMENT HOUSE - WILSHIRE DISTRICT - NIGHT 178
(SUBJECTIVE CAMERA)

The building is two-level, swimming pool-in-the-middle style. The CAMERA MOVES toward:

179 EXT. (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) 179

An alcove leading into the pool area.

180 ANGLE (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) 180

CLOSE ON the list of names on a large joint mailbox built into the wall. A match is struck to read the names easier.

ANGLE (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA)

CLOSE ON the name "Claudia Leith", and the listing "Apartment Number Eight".

181 INT. (SUBJECTIVE CAMERA) 181

Moving up a flight of stairs to the second level.

182 ANGLE (SUBJECTIVE) 182

Apartment eight is at the top of the stairs. The drapes are closed in a screenless bay window and a light is on within. The CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to the door.

The sounds of a TV newscast are heard within, and an occasional muffled voice.

The CAMERA peeks thorugh a very narrow break in the curtain.

183 SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. (through curtain) 183

Carl Cody, his back to CAMERA, stands facing the TV set. He wears boxer-style swimming trunks and a T-shirt. He sips from a cup of coffee and talks (to a woman who is off-screen in the kitchen). He turns now and we see him in profile.

Cont.

184 Cont. 184

ANGLE (SUBJECTIVE)

The CAMERA MOVES to the front door. A hand pushes the buzzer. PULL BACK to see the lights go off inside. More muffled conversation. The sound of a woman's voice from inside:

WOMAN (v.o.)
Who is it?
(a long pause)
Who's there?

Another long pause, then the drapes are pulled back at the window and a woman's face peeks out. To get a better view, she slides the window back.

Instantly a hand grabs her face shoving her back into the room. A man's hands slide the window back further as he climbs into the room.

185 INT. CLAUDIA LEITH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 185

The room is illuminated only by the TV set and ambient light from outside as Chance jumps in through the window. Claudia Leith is on the floor. Cody's silhouette is seen in the kitchen. He jumps backward as if struck with an electric prod. Then he charges into the living room. Chance sidesteps and punches Cody squarely on the jaw, causing his head to snap back and hit the wall. He follows with a body blow and the best uppercut he can muster. Cody is on his knees. Chance grabs him by the hair and forces him to the floor. Claudia runs for the front door.

CHANCE
(to Claudia)
Stay there, Claudia. Just sit nice and quiet.

She stops.

Chance snaps handcuffs on Cody's wrists and yanks him to his feet. Violently, he shoves him onto a sofa and motions Claudia to move next to him.

CHANCE
(continuing, out of breath)
I guess we all make mistakes.

CODY
How did you find me?

Cont.

Cont.

185 185

CHANCE
(turns off the TV set)
Your friend's in the Screen Actor's directory.

Cody stares at him, then at Claudia

CLAUDIA
Carl, I swear, I never saw this guy.

CHANCE
You're a lucky man. I haven't told the judge you pulled a disappearing act on me.

A186 INT. DRESSING ROOM - MASTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT A186

Bianca sits before a mirror, finishing her make-up. We see her reflected image, then pull back as Masters enters.

BIANCA
Need me tonight?

MASTERS
(shakes his head negative)
I'll meet you at the club, later.

He approaches and puts his hands gently on her shoulders, massaging them softly.

MASTERS
(continuing)
I've got a surprise for you.

She looks up at him. He takes her by the hand.

B186 INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - A LARGE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT B186

In the middle of the room, SERENA sits cross-legged in a chair. Her nipples are bare but for a pair of shining pasties. She wears black stockings, garters. She smiles at Bianca and holds up a razor.

Bianca is transfixed. Masters slips out, but not before turning on the video console.

186 INT. UTRO'S CAFE - NIGHT 186

The place is empty except for a couple of die-hard drinkers watching TV with the bartender. Vukovich is at a pay phone in the corner, dialing rapidly.

The phone rings a number of times as Vukovich looks around the room, his gaze shifting between the mindless television program and the curious eclectic decor on the walls. Finally, a voice answers, a woman's voice.

RUTH (v.o.)
Yes.

VUKOVICH
Is Chance there?

RUTH (v.o.)
What do you want?

VUKOVICH
I want to talk to Chance.

RUTH (v.o.)
You've got the wrong number.

VUKOVICH
Is this 471-4421?

RUTH (v.o.)
Who is this?

VUKOVICH
John Vukovich. Where is he?

RUTH (v.o.)
There's no one here by that name.

A muffled conversation is heard in the background, then a long pause.

CHANCE (v.o.)
John?

VUKOVICH
Where are you? We've gotta talk.

CHANCE (v.o.)
Bet your ass we do, Amigo. I've got Cody back. He gave me the location of the plant.

VUKOVICH
I've got to do something. I can't live with this thing. We've got to go to Bateman --

Cont.

186 186

CHANCE (v.o.)
I spoke to Rick. We're on tonight.

VUKOVICH
What?

CHANCE (v.o.)
We're on with Masters. Tonight.

187 EXT. THE HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT 187

The lights are out. The club appears to be closed. Masters' Rolls Royce and another car are parked in the otherwise empty parking lot. TRACK with Chance and Vukovich to the back door. Vukovich carries a briefcase: Chance pushes a buzzer.

The gym instructor comes to the door and opens it.

CHANCE
Jessup...and Victor.

188 INT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT 188

The instructor opens the door admitting them, and locks it behind them. He starts to frisk Vukovich, then reaches for the briefcase. Vukovich pulls away.

INSTRUCTOR
I'm not finished patting you down, pal.

VUKOVICH
Where's Rick?

INSTRUCTOR
You're not gonna see him until I see if you're wired.

He moves to Chance.

CHANCE
Take your fuckin' hands off me.

INSTRUCTOR
Take off your jackets.

CHANCE
Tell Rick he can go and fuck himself if he thinks I'm a Fed. Get your hands off me.

Masters is silhouetted in a doorway leading to the locker room.

Cont.

188 188

MASTERS
It's okay, Elliott.

He motions them to enter the locker room.

189 INT. LOCKER ROOM 189

MASTERS
What's in the briefcase, gentlemen?

Chance and Vukovich exchange a look. Vukovich moves to a bench. Ping, ping. He unlocks the briefcase.

CHANCE
(to Vukovich)
Wait a minute, doctor.

(to Masters)
We're the ones who fronted the thirty grand and agreed to do this on your turf. Before we show you shit we want to see the funny money.

Masters stares at the briefcase. Then he reaches into his pocket and removes a locker key. He tosses it to Chance and points to a bank of lockers.

MASTERS
Locker 38.

Chance steps to the locker and tries the key. He removes an athletic bag and sets it on the table next to Vukovich's briefcase.

MASTERS
(continuing)
Open the briefcase.

Vukovich opens it. It's empty.

Cont.

Cont.
189 189

Chance opens the athletic bag and looks inside. It's filled with counterfeit money. He nods to Vukovich. Vukovich opens a hidden compartment in the briefcase. We see a recorder, and a Magnum which Chance grabs.

CHANCE
U.S. Secret Service. We're arresting you for possession of counterfeit currency.

Vukovich moves to frisk Masters.

MASTERS
What a tragedy. Search away. I don't have a piece.

Vukovich grabs Masters' wrist in both hands in a policeman's "walk-away" grip.

Suddenly there is the sound of a shotgun chambering a round.

VUKOVICH'S P.O.V.

From an empty locker in a corner of the room Elliott, the gym instructor, has grabbed the shotgun. He points it directly at Chance's temple.

ELLIOTT
(to Chance)
Drop it.

Chance drops his Magnum. Vukovich holds on to Masters. There is a long suspension of time. The scene is frozen. Then:

MASTERS
Waste 'em.

Elliott pulls the trigger. The shotgun goes off and Chance is hit directly in the chest. He flies backward into a mirror, shattering it, then scrambles onto the ground. Elliott cranks a round and fires again. The fire flash spins Chance over, as Elliott turns the weapon toward Vukovich.

Cont.

Cont.

189 189

ANGLE

Masters grabs for the money belt and runs as Chance leaps to the ground, scrambling for the Magnum. He fires at Elliott, three times, slamming him against a locker, killing him.

Vukovich falls to his knees at Chance's side. Chance is dead. Vukovich backs away, stricken.

Suddenly he realizes that Masters is gone.

190 INT. GYM 190

With Vukovich as he runs through a maze of equipment.

He stops, turns and looks around.

Vukovich's P.O.V.

The gym is empty. There is a cathedral-like ominousness broken only by the sound of a heavy bag in a corner, creaking at the end of its chain.

ANGLE

We follow as he moves cautiously around the gym.

The sudden sound of a car door slamming is heard at the rear of the building.

MOVING with Vukovich toward a rear door.

191 EXT. HEALTH CLUB - NIGHT 191

Vukovich exits into the parking lot just as Masters' Rolls Royce, without headlights, speeds at him, pinning him to the door.

At the last possible moment, Vukovich falls away, causing the Rolls to crash into the health club door.

192 INT. THE ROLLS ROYCE 192

As Masters changes gear and pulls quickly away.

192A ANGLE 192A

Vukovich staggers to his feet as the Rolls Royce speeds away and turns into the street.

Vukovich limps toward his car.

193 INT. MASTERS' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 193

As Masters turns on a hanging light in the middle of the room and we see the printing press and other printing equipment. He uses a screw driver to pry the counterfeit plate off the press cylinder. At the paper cutter, he efficiently chops the offset plate into pieces and throws the pieces into a cardboard box. He picks up a sledgehammer and brings it down forcefully on the press's roller assembly, smashing it.

ANGLE

As Masters proceeds to trash the rest of the room in a kind of controlled frenzy. Then suddenly, he stops cold -- hearing the sound of an approaching car outside. A car door opening and closing. Masters turns to face the door as it's kicked open. A figure appears silhouetted in the doorway. Vukovich. He points Chance's .357 Magnum at Masters.

MASTERS
It's not convenient for me to do time right now.

VUKOVICH
No?

MASTERS
Let's talk alternatives.

VUKOVICH
Zero.

MASTERS
A hundred grand if you let me walk.

Cont.

Cont.

193 193

VUKOVICH
A hundred o' that shit you print?
I couldn't pass it in Poland.

MASTERS
A hundred of Uncle's.

VUKOVICH
You killed two Federal agents.
There is no price.

As Masters slowly raises his hands, he releases the sledgehammer and it falls forward at Vukovich's feet. As it hits the cement, Vukovich glances down. Masters kicks over a large copy camera with a heavy bellows on a high stand. It lands directly on Vukovich knocking him to the floor.

ANGLE

On the Magnum as it leaves his hand and slides under the press.

ANGLE

As Vukovich struggles to get from under the heavy camera. Masters grabs the sledgehammer.

VUKOVICH'S P.O.V.

As Masters swings the hammer downward at him.

ANGLE

As Vukovich rolls away and the hammer smashes into the floor.

Vukovich is grazed and bleeding but he comes to his feet and backs away as Masters swings at him with the whirring hammer. Vukovich dives for Masters and they fall onto a light table. Glass breaks. They fall to the floor. Masters punches Vukovich and his head snaps back. He follows this punch with a violent stomach blow and we hear the wind knocked out of Vukovich. As he doubles over, Masters knees him in the face and we see blood.

Masters hits him again and again, ripping at his flesh. Vukovich hits the floor. As Masters turns and starts to run, Vukovich desperately comes to his knees, then his feet, lunges and clutches Masters around the waist before he can get out the door. More struggle.

Cont.

Cont.

193 193

ANGLE

Vukovich hits the cement and we see Masters running out the door in the background.

Summoning a last reserve of inner strength, Vukovich crawls along the floor reaching blindly for his gun. His eyes dart around the room which spins crazily in his brain.

194 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 194

ANGLE

Through the windshield as Masters starts the car, guns the engine and swerves away. Behind him, Vukovich staggers out the door holding his revolver in the combat position. He fires rapidly and the passenger window shatters. Masters drops to the floor.

195 ANGLE 195

As Vukovich continues to fire and hits the tires of the Rolls Royce. The car comes to rolling stop in the desert sand.

ANGLE

The driver's door swings open and Masters appears. Vukovich cocks the trigger hammer; he is bloody and gasping heavily.

He hesitates as he ponders killing Masters.

MASTERS
Come on, pussy. You don't have the balls to squeeze it. I beat you in court three times. I'll beat you again.

He dives back into the car.

196 INT. CAR 196

As Masters quickly opens the glove compartment and extracts his .45. He rolls out the passenger door on the other side and falls into a crouch position.

197 EXT. ANGLE 197

CLOSE ON Vukovich as he squeezes the trigger.

ANGEL

ON Masters. Shot between the eyes. Once. Twice. He reels backward as the force of the second bullet knocks him toward the base of a trash compacter.

Cont.

Cont.

197 197

ANGLE

On Vukovich. He pulls again. No bullets left. Just a click.

ANGLE (VUKOVICH'S P.O.V.)

Masters lies dead in the desert. A gentle, dancing wind blows a flurry of desert sand over his inert body.

Then a windless silence as the CAMERA PULLS BACK behind Vukovich, leaving Masters as though on the far side of a mirror.

198 INT. MASTERS HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 198

CLOSE ON the video screen. We see random shots of Masters painting, staring at the camera, working out; then making love to Bianca, now ferociously, now tenderly. He looks up and directly into the camera's eye. These surface images, reflections of Masters, are accompanied by a dissonant piano solo. There is a final shot of Serena -- sitting cross-legged on a chair, beckoning with a razor.

ANGLE

On the face of Robert Grimes, alone in the otherwise empty room, watching the videotapes.

199 ANGLE (MOVING) 199

We follow Grimes as he wanders through empty rooms, bereft of all but a few items of furniture. It is as though no one lived here. A door opens to the room where Masters brought Serena to Bianca. All that remains is the chair.

ANGLE

Grimes opens a closet door where several articles of Masters' clothing still hang. We see the jacket he wore when he killed Hart.

200 ANGLE 200

In Masters' studio, Grimes stands before the charred, blackened wall where Masters burned his canvas in the opening scene.

The cans of paint, brushes and plants are all that remain. The soundtrack goes quiet.

Cont.

Cont.

201 ANGLE - INT. MASTERS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 201

Grimes re-enters the bedroom. The videotapes are still playing and Masters stares smilingly from the big screen.

Grimes approaches the tape console, pushes a button and the image freezes.

Behind him, someone enters the room. He turns, and sees:

Bianca, standing in the doorway.

GRIMES
You might want some of these. They're very -- personal.

BIANCA
Yes.

GRIMES
Everything else is gone. No sketchbooks. Nothing. Somebody get here before me?

She shrugs.

GRIMES
(continuing)
I can't seem to find any paintings. He told me he did two rather large portraits of you. They could be worth a lot of money.

BIANCA
Maybe he burned them. He used to burn a lot of things.

GRIMES
I don't understand how you stayed with him so long.

BIANCA
Why did you work for him?

GRIMES
It was business.

BIANCA
He was very gentle sometimes. You never really knew him.

202 EXT. MASTERS' HOUSE - DAY 202

We open CLOSE ON what seems to be a dark silhouette of the house. It is actually a reflection of the house in the now-polished and restored Rolls Royce.

The reflection moves across the screen as Grimes approaches, carrying his briefcase and opens the passenger door for Bianca.

She kisses him passionately on the lips as they embrace.

Then they get into the car, and it disappears down the driveway.

203 INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 203

Two large suitcases and several smaller ones are open and being packed. A wide-brim hat sits on top of a pile of clothing in one case. Ruth is almost finished packing. She is dressed in an elegant black skirt, silk blouse, sheer stockings, high heels; perfect for a long trip and a change of life.

The doorbell rings. It startles her.

204 INT. RUTH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 204

Ruth is poised a few feet from the front door. It is latched and chained shut.

RUTH
Who is it?

VUKOVICH (v.o.)
John Vukovich...

205 ANGLE (VUKOVICH'S P.O.V.) 205

At the front door, REVERSE on Ruth as the door is unbolted. Her face is seen close across the chain.

RUTH
What do you want?

VUKOVICH
Chance was my partner...

Cont.

205 205

RUTH
I know who you are. What do you want?

VUKOVICH
Did you know he was dead?

Long pause.

RUTH
I'm busy now.

He slips his hand in the door. We see that he is wearing Chance's Rolex watch.

VUKOVICH
Open it.

206 ANGLE 206

As she unlocks the chain and he enters.

VUKOVICH
(continuing)
Goin' somewhere?

RUTH
I'm leaving the city...

VUKOVICH
There's a matter of twenty grand that belongs to the government. Chance says he left it with you. I want it.

RUTH
Look, part of that money was mine. I had debts. People leaning on me. I got ripped off for the rest. It's gone. The money's gone.

VUKOVICH
You set us up, didn't you? You knew the Chinaman was FBI...

RUTH
I what? I don't know what you -- You're crazy.

VUKOVICH
If you're gonna start by bullshitting me, it's gonna be bad for our relationship.

RUTH
What are you talking about? What relationship?

Cont.

206 Cont. 206

VUKOVICH
Sit down, Ruth...You're workin' for me now.

Long pause.

She turns to the window and looks out over industrial Los Angeles, Beyond the belching chimneys is a thin line of pale blue ocean, almost hidden by the smog.

She turns back and looks into Vukovich's eyes. His face is not unkind. It is less cynical, softer, less warped by disillusion than Chance's face. Still... the sound of a distant jet plane is heard, and a dissonant solo piano.

THE END